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PART I.

MONSIGNOR PARISIS ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

[THERE are few subjects of greater practical importance and delicacy at the present day than the position, duties, and rights of Catholic journalists. Many of our readers must often have turned their thoughts to the subject, and have probably felt with ourselves the difficulty of exactly defining the limits which Catholic orthodoxy and discipline prescribe to the exercise of the powers possessed by the periodical press,—powers so pregnant for good or for evil, and to which a certain homage is paid, and a certain recognition incessantly granted, even by those who are most jealous of their exercise, and most anxious to restrain them within the closest possible limits.

It has occurred to us that we shall be doing some service to the cause of Catholic order and charity, if we offer to our readers the sentiments of one of the most able, most fair, and most respected of the French episcopate, on this difficult and momentous subject. While Bishop of Langres, Monsignor Parisis, in his *Cas de Conscience*, entered into the question of Catholic journalism with all his usual candour and vigour of thought; and though his remarks have a special bearing on French affairs, yet they embody so lucid an exposition of the principles on which Catholic journalism should be every where conducted, that they cannot be read without profit by all Catholics. They have further this great advantage, that they bear no reference to any thing which has ever taken place on this side of the Channel, and therefore cannot be taken as applying to any individual amongst ourselves. Without further prologue, therefore, we lay before our readers the following translation.]

I. Points on which the rights and duties of journalists are certain, and in a manner unrestricted.

First, then, we may say that religious journalism has the undoubted right of drawing attention to whatever in any publication is formally contrary to Christian faith and morality, whether such publication be the work of an individual or come

out under the sanction of the state. Thus, for instance, the Catholic journals have been perfectly justified in those continual and vigorous attacks which they have directed against the University. Whenever there is real ground for these attacks, they may in all good conscience be publicly made, and sometimes even *ought* to be so. If, for instance, attempts have been made to tamper with the faith of youth, either on the part of individual professors or by means of the University books, and all endeavours to remedy this evil by other means have failed, it becomes the duty of the religious journal to denounce such proceedings to families; although being a question of orthodoxy it belongs more essentially to the Church, for we are here speaking only of cases where error undoubtedly exists.

Now if journalism has the right to undertake the defence of our dogmas when assailed in public institutions, how should you withhold from it the liberty of discussing and maintaining them against the writings of private individuals? This is the very end of its existence, and, if we may venture to say it, the object of its mission. On this point there is room for neither doubt nor controversy.

Thus, every writer who presumes to attack the truths of faith, to throw suspicion or ridicule upon its institutions and practices, and to thwart the ministrations of its priests, nay who even unintentionally diverges from the true doctrine of the Church, by that circumstance alone justly falls under the censure of the Catholic journal. At the same time, it is the duty of the journalist to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the matter of which he has to treat in combating error; and indeed it is a great advantage for all that he should be thus obliged to make such subjects his study, as we shall presently see; besides which it is his duty practically to give due weight to prudential considerations, and to choose his opportunity with discretion; but of this we shall speak presently; what we wish now to insist upon is, that the right itself is incontestable. A simple layman may in all good conscience assail such writers; he may criticise not the matter alone, but even the form, in order the better to render such works distasteful to their readers: for where these publications obtain an entrance into families, they may be looked upon as real domestic foes, wolves entered into the sheep-fold; and you know it is a charity to cry "wolf" when he has got among the sheep. All this may be applied with still wider latitude in the case of parliamentary orators who display their hostility to our religion.

For a similar reason journalists may review Catholic works,

in order to examine their merits and comment upon them, and to discuss the points of dogma, morality, or discipline of which they treat. As long as they do this quite in an abstract manner, without personal allusions, it is impossible to deny them the right, provided always they adhere to sound doctrine, of instructing and edifying their readers. To say that in so doing they intrude into the pastoral office, is a frivolous charge, and such as no one would attempt to advance in so many words.

But the objection is brought forward in another shape: persons cry out against the abuses resulting from journalists handling these questions; abuses which they assert to be so frequent, and indeed so utterly unavoidable, that the mischief that is caused outweighs all possible advantage. They maintain that the majority of writers who take upon themselves to publish so-called religious articles, not having gone through any theological study, are always in danger of compromising the great truths of faith, to the serious injury of religion. It is further said, that journalists always prefer selecting questions of present interest, and by mixing up personal remarks with discussions in themselves of an abstract character, call up new adversaries to the holy cause, of which they are the supposed defenders. Finally, it is asserted, and particular stress is laid upon this point, that most of the religious questions which at the present day interest the public, for whom journalists write, are much more of a practical than of a speculative character; that many of them are subjects of controversy among the priests, and even among the bishops themselves; that some are of a very perplexing and delicate nature; and that when laymen come to embroil matters still further by intruding their opinions, taken up after little reflection and often violently expressed, they can but injure the Church, without benefiting her in any way.

Such, in substance, are the objections advanced against religious journalism; and they are very loudly urged and very seriously felt by persons entitled to much respect. In the succeeding paragraph we shall examine that portion of these objections to which an unqualified answer cannot be given; but as we are now speaking only of undoubted rights and duties, it may be sufficient to make the following remarks in reply.

1. The abuse of a right does not destroy its existence. Now it is certain that every Catholic possesses the right to repel known error by such means as he thinks best, and to profess his faith by his writings, whenever he judges such a course to be beneficial to himself or to others, unless the Church positively imposes silence on him.

2. In combating error, as well as in setting forth the truth, laymen ought to lend their assistance when the clergy do not suffice for the work. Now it is certain that at the present day the clergy could not undertake to edit all present and future religious journals, of which moreover, considering the actual state of public feeling, it would be out of the question for them to assume the whole moral responsibility.

3. Ignorance in religious matters, and indifference, its inevitable result, are undoubtedly the two great plagues of our day. Now it is certain that in the present state of things there is nothing better calculated, in the long-run, to remedy the evil in the masses of the population than religious journalism. Without it, the greater number of Catholic questions would no longer be even mooted in the world, whereas in consequence of its existence they are necessarily studied; in the first instance by the lay editors, who may probably make a few blunders at starting, but who, needing as they do the countenance of the clergy, will soon take care to make themselves competently acquainted with such subjects; they will be studied, in the next place, by the lay subscribers to these journals, who, generally speaking, would never have the resolution to open a theological work, but who will willingly give their attention to some occasional theological discussion introduced into the columns of a journal; they will even be studied by lay writers inimical to religion, who being sometimes under the necessity of engaging in dispute with the religious periodicals, would expose themselves to the mortification of making gross mistakes if they did not study their adversaries' doctrines.

The natural and inevitable result, then, of religious discussions in Catholic journals, is to draw all minds towards some species of study of our holy doctrines. Now when we reflect that it is the absence of this study, and the repugnance with which it is regarded, which has caused France to fall into the degrading darkness of materialism; when we say to ourselves, deeply feeling the truth of what we say, that religion needs only to be known, because if there be but real sincerity of heart, knowledge leads to love, and love to practice,—can any one wonder that we should encourage with all our might so powerful a means offered to us by divine Providence for the moral and Christian regeneration of the people?

It is asserted that many evils attend religious journalism. Who questions it? Every thing in this wretched world has its evils; but what are these inconveniences of detail compared to the immense advantage which results? Can we purchase so great a benefit too dearly? Besides, we may be sure of one thing: if this journalism is encouraged by lawful authority,

practice will diminish the evils, and by practice also its beneficial fruits will become more abundant and precious. All things here below ripen in the end; and every one may have remarked how much certain Catholic journals have lately gained in moderation, talent, knowledge, and weight.

II. Upon what points these rights and duties are uncertain or restricted.

We are now arrived at the most delicate part of the question, and may clearly perceive that we are placed between two dangers of considerable magnitude.

On the one hand, to permit lay journalism to intrude and declaim within the very sanctuary; this would be to authorise a manifest irregularity, possibly even sacrilegious in its character. On the other hand, to deny sincere and fervent Catholics all active share in a battle which our enemies not unfrequently proceed to wage against us, so to say, upon the very steps of the altar; this would, perhaps, be to betray the interests of religion in another direction.

The safest course, no doubt, would be that religious journals should be called to this pious work by the bishops, and in every thing be directed by those to whom alone it was said, "*Euntes docete.*" But then the whole responsibility of the journal would fall upon the bishops; the bishops would be its directors, and almost its chief editors, which, at least under present circumstances, is utterly impossible.

If, then, religious journalism does not receive the power of discussing what properly appertains to the government of the Church by any express and canonical mission, it must hold such power either in virtue of some tacit concession or by natural right; for our Lord having exclusively and personally charged the bishops with the office of directing the Church of God, none else can, without the guilt of usurpation, interfere in this function, especially if it be for the purpose of criticising or obstructing its exercise, unless he can plead in his justification some right or other real and sufficient.

Now we will say at once, it is impossible to deny but that this right does exist in certain cases, nay may even become on occasions an imperative duty: for instance, if (which God forbid!) the pastor of the flock, the bishop himself, should swerve from the right path in his direction of it; if he were evidently taking the road towards schism, and it had consequently become necessary to resist his commands under pain of incurring the risk of divine reprobation. Such cases, although rare, may happen; but as in such conjunctures no doubt can possibly exist, it is not with them that we are at present concerned.

For clearness' sake, let us enter into a few details, and

consider what right of interference may be conceded to journalists in respect to, 1. the choice of pastors; 2. the matter of divine worship; 3. certain controverted questions of discipline.

ART. I. *Of the Choice of Pastors.*

All the pastors of the second order being nominated by the bishop, who is their superior by divine right, we cannot see on what legitimate title journalism can interfere in the matter of their choice, in the way either of suggestion or of blame, or by the exercise of any influence through the press calculated to hamper the free determination of ecclesiastical authority; all the faithful enjoying, it must be remembered, the power of communicating to that authority any information they may deem useful.

But is the interference of publicists equally prohibited in regard to the nomination of the bishops, which is in the hands of the government?

Abuse in this matter being very possible, and liable to become seriously prejudicial to the interests of religion, it is evident that the right to raise a warning voice belongs to whatever power can best exercise it, and much more to the only power that can exercise it. Now what is this power? It is pre-eminently, both *de jure* and *de facto*, the Holy See, since it alone confers canonical institution, without which the nomination of the State is nugatory; but it is not the custom of the Holy See to reject, and indeed it cannot in prudence reject, these official nominations, except in cases where some canonical irregularity would ensue. Now, at the present day especially, may not many other reasons exist for dreading, as a public calamity, the elevation of certain ecclesiastics to a post of such importance as the episcopate? Thus, notorious levity of conduct, absence of zeal, excessive weakness of character, habitual subserviency to those in power, especially where such is the result of system,—all these considerations united, or even taken singly, may they not constitute titles to political preference, while, on the other hand, they are so many reasons for alarm and dislike in a religious point of view?

Who can prevent such disastrous nominations, particularly when they are the consequence of a continual bias and deliberate calculation on the part of government? One power alone is able to do this—*opinion*. And who shall rouse opinion, and make it sufficiently formidable to restrain the designs of the supreme power, defeat its plans, and even force it to abandon the resolutions it has formed? One means alone—*publicity*. And what organ can sufficiently interest the public mind in

questions of so purely spiritual a nature, and make them appreciable by the world, which bestows so little thought on such matters? One only—the *journalist*.

No doubt his duty is an anxious one; for if, on the one hand, he has reason to fear that by keeping silence he will be allowing the evil to occur; on the other, he has reason to dread lest he should aggravate the mischief, or compromise the good cause, by speaking inopportunistically.

We therefore conjure Christian publicists to give special heed on such occasions to our former general recommendations as to the disinterestedness, purity of intention, prudence, and all those other moral qualities which they ought to consider as the peculiar obligations of their calling.

But all these essential conditions once observed (and they cannot be too strongly urged, particularly under circumstances of so serious a nature), journalism not only may, but is, almost in every case, bound to make its voice heard; and so much the more, that these public representations would be directed, not against the Church or its rulers, but against the secular power, in order to counteract its pernicious anti-religious tendencies displaying themselves in the exercise of that which ought to be regarded as the most sacred and highest of privileges.

ART. II. *Of the matter of Divine Worship.*

Divine worship, even in its exterior and sensible acts, is from its very object essentially spiritual and sacred; hence it eludes all purely human authority; and, apart from such concessions as the Church may have made, those governments which have attempted to control and regulate it, no matter in what particular, have undoubtedly been guilty of an abuse of power more or less partaking of a sacrilegious character.

Now what the rulers of the nation may not do, it is plain that neither can journalism do. It possesses, then, no right to meddle with the matter of divine worship, because that is the exclusive province of the Church. Nevertheless, in the matter of divine worship there is, 1. a department in which the Church has never laid down any definite rules, and which, saving some general recommendations, she gives up to the taste, often merely arbitrary, of the age, nation, nay of the individual; 2. even in that which has been the subject of ecclesiastical regulations, there remain certain controverted points, where consequently no clear duty can be said to exist.

And first with reference to what is arbitrary, we cannot see what need hinder journalism from expressing an opinion; and

next with regard to controverted points, we think that without giving itself full latitude, it may discuss the subject, at least in some of its bearings, provided it never ventures into the domain of religious authority, over which, as we said, it possesses no right. Some details upon these two points may not be without their practical utility.

Although there be certain general principles connected with the essentials of Catholic worship, which affect the form of churches, the ornaments of the altar, the chanting of God's praises, &c., principles which on that account it is not allowable either to depart from or to censure, it cannot be denied that on all these points there are many details upon which the Church has never canonically decided, and with regard to which, for that very reason, every one is entitled to adopt whichever side he pleases. Thus every publicist is at liberty to take part in those public contests which, at the present day, the partisans of Grecian and of Gothic architecture, the amateurs of modern music and of plain-chant, and the admirers of religious symbolism and its depreciators, carry on against each other. The Church abandons all these questions to what Scripture calls the "dispute of men," to which the Creator has given up the whole world.*

Our decided opinion on this question is well known; and it is this very opinion, the fruit of reflection and study, which makes us desire to see a daily increase in the number of those who discuss each side of religious questions. Undoubtedly it is highly probable that in the course of these discussions persons will be guilty of rude and unbecoming remarks, which we shall be the first to visit with the strongest censure; but we repeat once more, that these evils, which are altogether accidental, ought to count for nothing in comparison with the advantages which result from the study of religious matters, even in what is purely external. It is true that a man does not become a perfect Christian merely by studying the works of Christianity; nevertheless it is very certain that this study naturally leads to Christian thoughts and convictions, and even to the formation of Christian habits.

Seeing that, during the last 300 years, faith has ever languished and dwindled in proportion to the loss of taste for Catholic forms and the understanding of them, why may we not hope that the revival of zeal for these long-neglected studies will prepare better days for faith? There is no difficulty then, with respect to what is arbitrary.

2. But there are other portions of external worship of which the Church has actually legislated, but which are, never-

* *Mundum tradidit disputationi eorum. Eccl. iii. 11.*

theless, the subject of theoretical controversies occasioned by variations in practice. Since there are laws existing on these points, the only question is that of their interpretation. Now has journalism any right to discuss this interpretation? What are we to think, for instance, of its interference in the matter of the liturgy?

It must be confessed that journalism ought here to be confined within much closer limits than in any of the previous instances. However, is it so certain that we may not, even in this purely spiritual matter, admit it to a modest and legitimate share in the dispute?

Without, in the first place, noticing that the form of churches, the ornaments of the altar, the style of sacred chanting, and other points whereon there is perfect freedom of opinion, are all connected with the liturgy, we may say that there are, even in what relates to the sacred words employed in public worship, certain studies, and certain opinions the result of these studies, which the Church has never discouraged; studies on the origin and history of the several liturgies, and opinions with regard to the motives which influenced the different authors, and the peculiar character, as regards both art and orthodoxy, which they have stamped upon them. We cannot see that any publicist, who limits himself to this entirely historical and speculative examination, encroaches on the province of the Church.

But here we are met by a repetition of what has been already urged, that as journals live wholly by what may be called questions of present interest, these liturgical discussions have always practically, and at the present time especially, their personal application, and imply some very intelligible criticism on the administration of certain dioceses; that this evil being inevitable and of a very serious nature, and the benefit resulting from the introduction of liturgical discussions into the pages of a journal being very trifling and doubtful, it would be much better to keep total silence both on these points and on many others, and to leave each bishop to follow the course which circumstances either permit or force upon him. This objection leads us to the third point which we wish to examine.

ART. III. *Of certain present Questions of Discipline.*

The liturgy is not the only subject at the present day of eager and sometimes dangerous controversy within the Church. Discussions with respect to the immovability of parish priests, or the re-establishments of certain offices, or the arbitrary

power of bishops, have been raised, and that not without exciting storms and causing scandal. But, first, while we condemn as severely as they deserve these scandalous attacks upon the most legitimate authority in the world, may we not say that they did not arise out of journalism, but would have taken place as well without it as with it? However unfortunate, however blamable they may have been, do they not belong to that class of scandals which our Lord has told us are inevitable, not because the human will is subjected to any fatal necessity, but because the powerful concurrence of circumstances renders them in a manner unavoidable? History furnishes us with frequent instances of this at the rise of all the great heresies. Journalism, then, is not the source of these scandals.

But because these questions are of an exciting nature, and have been more or less envenomed by the passions of men, does it follow that religious journalism cannot discuss them without sharing these faults, and without falling into the errors of those whose intemperate language has caused all the bitterness of feeling that exists? We think not. We are of opinion, it is true, that considering the state to which things have been brought, these irritating questions ought to be treated with great circumspection; that, far from speaking in a bold and dogmatising way, the journalist ought to fear lest he should not be sufficiently conversant with his subject, especially in its practical application; and that instead of fanning the flame of discontent in unruly and impatient minds, it is his duty before all things to declare himself in favour of moderation, and of pure and simple obedience while the question remains unsettled.

But when once these precautions have been sincerely adopted, we think that it is not expedient that the conscientious organs of genuine Catholic opinion should absolutely keep silence amid controversies of a grave and perhaps decisive character, which, if not handled by the faithful, will certainly be taken up by others, and those the enemies of religion.

Ah! if these important matters could be secretly arranged in each diocese by the proper authorities, we should have no hesitation in telling publicists that they have no right to meddle with the discussion of them; but this is not the case. Whether we will or not, these matters at the present day are made the subject of public discussion; a fact which our enemies will turn to their own advantage, by the help of lying and misrepresentation, unless we avail ourselves of it to forward the cause of truth and justice.

Let religious journalists begin, therefore, by studying these questions thoroughly; let them then proceed to treat them

prudently and modestly, as necessity requires, if it were only for the purpose of dissipating unjust prejudices, and defeating malicious designs. If they act thus, they will often be of real assistance to the heads of the Church, by preparing public opinion for measures which otherwise could not be brought to bear.

But when, on the other hand, the Catholic writer encounters in his lawful pastors not only opinions and leanings, but positive decisions which are opposed to his own personal convictions, oh, then let him give good heed to follow the Apostle's advice, and listen long, listen much, and speak only when it is no longer possible to avoid speaking. Let him remember that there ought always to be a presumption in favour of our spiritual rulers; that owing to their peculiar studies, daily experience, and the grace of their vocation, they receive an abundance of light, of which the faithful in general are in a great measure devoid; and that if in controverted questions obedience is no longer a rigorous duty, it is always, at least in the first instance, the wisest and safest course.

If, however, after having long studied, meditated, taken counsel, and prayed, a Catholic believe it to be his duty before God to engage publicly in a religious discussion, and to adopt a line opposed to that of his bishop, he ought to tremble at the very obligation which his conscience lays upon him, and, after the example of that holy man Job, fear even his holiest and purest works.* Let him then more than ever guard his language with that circumspection which the prophet-king asked of God;† let him, by the respectful modesty of his representations, render less offensive what, apparently at least, is always contrary to order,—resistance to superiors, and especially spiritual superiors. Let him, in fine, remember that priests, and still more bishops, are always, in the hierarchy of the Church, likened unto “ancient men,” before whom a feeling of respect teaches us to rise,‡ and of whom it is said that we must never “rebuke” them, but that all which is allowable is that when necessary we should “entreat” them “as” we entreat “a father.” *Seniorem ne increpaveris, sed obsecra ut patrem* (1 Tim. v. 1).

Let us here bring our difficult task to a conclusion, summing up in two passages from holy Scripture both our advice and our encouragement to all the editors of Catholic journals. “Brethren,” writes St. Paul to the Philippians (chap. iv. 8), “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever

* Verebar omnia opera mea. *Job ix. 28.*

† Pone, Domine, custodiam ori meo, et ostium circumstantiæ labiis meis. *Psal. cxl. 3.*

‡ Coram cano capite consurge et honora. *Lev. xix. 32.*

just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, let these things be in your thoughts," in your conversation, and in your writings. Such is our advice.

This being well understood and agreed upon, we will say to them, in accordance with the advice of the same apostle, "Catholic brethren, let there be amongst you a holy and lively emulation for the diffusion and defence of divine truth; let all men of energy and talent lend their assistance in this glorious ministry; let us 'forbid no one to prophesy.' Never will truth have too many organs, as long as 'all things be done decently and according to order'" (1 Cor. xiv. 39, 40). Such is our encouragement; and we believe we have thus fully answered the last question proposed.

May this declaration of our good wishes and expression of our sympathy have the effect of making religious journalism more and more a docile and powerful auxiliary in the cause of holy Church!

We add, in conclusion, the following passage from the same work:

Men say to you, "You have no mission." No, doubtless you have no mission to sit in a council, any more than you have to take a direct share in the doctrinal decisions of the *Ecclesia dispersa*; there can be no question about this; and the simple layman, however learned or talented he may be, can never be more than a humble disciple in the Church of God. But if you have not the mission of apostles, you have that which is common to all Christians, who are bound, according to the measure of the grace which they have received, to labour for the spread of the kingdom of God, the edification of their brethren, and the defence of the treasure of faith. Does not St. Paul himself tell us, "that even among the body of the faithful each man receives the communication of the Holy Spirit for the profit of all"? (1 Cor. xii. 7.) You have no mission! But when, at the commencement of the second century, Saint Justin, a layman and philosopher of the school of Plato, headed in a learned treatise the list of apologist Fathers, and thus obtained from the Emperor Antoninus an edict suspending persecution, did the bishops dispute his right to consecrate his talents to the defence of the Church? When Athenagoras addressed his *Apology for Christianity* to Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus; when Clement of Alexandria published his *Exhortation to Pagans*, and his learned *Stromata*; when Arnobius, as yet but a simple catechumen, put forth his book *Against the Gentiles*, did it occur to any one to tell them they had no

mission? When great dangers threaten, as Tertullian beautifully expresses it, does not every citizen become a soldier? "*In reos majestatis et publicos hostes omnis homo miles est.*" Has not every one of the faithful a mission to fight, according to his ability, against the enemies of God?

And does not modern history furnish us with similar examples? When in our day a De Maistre, a Bonald, a Châteaubriand, have so splendidly established the dominion of Christianity in the reign of politics, philosophy, science, letters, and art, has their secular position in the Church in any way detracted from the merit of their writings? has it not rather enhanced their claims on the gratitude of Catholics?

It is true that laymen, who seldom make a close and systematic study of theology, and are more exposed to the influence of worldly notions, the invariable tendency of which is to corrupt the purity of divine truth, are consequently bound to practise greater circumspection; but this danger, while it increases their responsibilities, in no wise diminishes their rights. The Church, while she gives her blessing to their endeavours, still reserves to herself the right of pronouncing on their works, and of pointing out, when needful, the alloy which may be mixed with the pure gold in their writings. Thus she respectfully preserves in her libraries, along with the writings of the holy Fathers, the *Divine Institutions* of the layman Lactantius, regretting at the same time that the theological language of that work should not be every where unexceptionable; thus she preserves with the same care the erudite discourse of the layman Tatian *Against the Gentiles*, at the same time condemning the wild errors of the head of the Encratites; and the Church deals in like manner with our modern Tatians and Lactantiuses. Wherever the freedom of the press exists, she allows them to write upon their own responsibility, reserving to herself the power of passing judgment on them afterwards. Moreover, in this respect priests stand exactly on the same ground as laymen; and after all it is by no means the case that all heresiarchs have been simple laymen. No special mission then is needed in order to write or act in favour of religion, particularly when it is assailed; all that is requisite is a thorough understanding of the holy cause the defence of which is undertaken. It is plain, therefore, that laymen may act now, as they have always acted, subject to this condition.

Now comes the question, Is it their duty? That is to say, is lay co-operation useful? Is it necessary to the Church of France in those serious debates in which we find ourselves engaged, and of which we can foresee no speedy conclusion? Absolutely necessary it cannot, of course, be said to be. The

Church is God's work ; and it is plain that God, strictly speaking, stands in no need of man's aid to accomplish his work. However, saving always in the case of miraculous interposition, which can be considered only as a splendid exception in the order of Providence, it is certain that God makes use of secondary causes to accomplish the end He has in view. Now, confining ourselves to the ordinary way by which the Church is led, we do not hesitate to say that the co-operation of good and faithful laymen is always necessary in France ; and can this be matter of doubt, when we remember that, humanly speaking, all its interests are canvassed, and its destinies discussed and decided, in those very assemblies in which the clergy have no seat, and in quarters which their remonstrances can barely reach, or reach only to be disregarded ?

Now, whenever a layman's silence or inaction would lend a tacit encouragement to the progress of evil, it is no longer his right only, but it is his sacred duty, to speak and act ; by holding his peace he would become a prevaricator—he might even incur the guilt of an accomplice ; and when the ruin of religion in a great kingdom is the matter at stake, such connivance is a tremendous sin even in the sight of men, much more before God.

[Extracted from the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, September 1850.]

KATE GEAREY ; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER I. *The "Gracians."*

It was on a bright spring day in the year 1849, the very zenith of a London season, that a group of trampers, or "Gracians" (as the Irish themselves style them), were congregated at the mouth of one of the courts in the western end of London. The mouth of this same court, or buildings as it was termed, opened into a short fashionable street, forming a communication between Oxford Street and — Square : the court itself was not ten doors from the square, yet probably not one of the inhabitants of the latter had ever even bestowed a furtive glance on the dismal-looking passage, where so many hundreds of their fellow-creatures were immured. The court bore, and still bears a bad name, and as such is known to many ; yet I

have been repeatedly asked by those whose avocations call them daily through the street, where it can possibly be situated. Its mouth, however, yawned between a first-rate butcher's shop and a splendid pastry-cook's. The locality suited the butcher well enough, inasmuch as his slaughter-houses—he killed on the premises—ran down the said Buildings; but what took the pastry-cook there I never could guess. There is his shop, however, and there it was two years ago, in all the glory of barley-sugar temples, wedding-cakes, bath-buns, and tarts, on which the poor ragged urchins would gaze by the hour together, wondering if any lady or gentleman would throw them a bit, and envying in their hunger the pampered spaniels who were feeding on the dainties within. An omnibus approaches; the whole group is in motion, performing most extraordinary evolutions with their arms and legs, under the noses of the horses, for the entertainment of city men, who occasionally reward these human windmills with a halfpenny. I never yet, however, heard that any of these halfpence found their way into the splendid shop; the sight of the middle-aged lady with the smart cap, and the young lady with the showy necklace and no cap at all, drive the fortunate possessors of the halfpence to old Norry, the sweet-stuff woman, who sits at the corner of the square on a broken stool, her feet in an old apple-basket, which on a wet day answers all the hydropathic purposes of a cold bath.

Norry's fingers are continually busy arranging her stock, "jist to keep her hand in for the customers." Poor old Norry! I see her now, with her unwashed face, a red cotton handkerchief tied under her chin, her ragged blue petticoat, and the thin shawl pinned across her breast, wistfully watching for buyers. Norry's brandy-balls and sugar shoulders of mutton have, however, no attractions for yon group of youthful aristocrats, who, in short muslin petticoats, flounced polkas, and enormous hats with huge cockades and long streamers, are wending their ways to the Park, under the escort of a pompous-looking nurse, a coquettish young lady with sandaled shoes, lace veil, reticule, and parasol, who by courtesy is designated a nurse-maid, and a meek-looking nursery governess, who brings up the rear and leads the poodle. As to the children of the neighbours, they had rarely ready cash, so they wheedled and teased the old woman to give them credit; and their names would be still on poor Norry's books, had she left any such documents behind her. Norry rented a back cellar at No. 3 in the Buildings. It had once been used as a receptacle for mortar, and could boast neither flooring nor window. The substitute for the latter was a square hole looking into a damp filthy passage (for Norry's abode was some feet beneath the

level of the yard), which admitted both light and air; the latter must have been of a remarkably pure quality, as the old lady's "opposite neighbour" was a large public dusthole. There the greengrocer in the parlour threw his stale vegetables, which were allowed to rot in company with soap-suds, and other and more odoriferous compounds more easily imagined than described. As every one used the dust-hole, of course it was no one's business to empty it; and there it remained, forming a steep bank between the back and the front "kitchen." Norry's bed was of a peculiar description. She was subject to rheumatism; and a bedstead was an unknown luxury to most of the inhabitants of the Buildings. "But what did the like of her want wid a doore? She had nothing to lose, barring the sweet-stuff," and that she'd put under her head. So the door was taken off its hinges, laid on the ground, and did double service; on it during the day did Norry squat *à la Turc*, for it served at once for divan and table; and at night it formed an "illigant" couch, her attire sleeping and waking being generally the same. An old rug sufficed for bedding; but Norry liked her head high; so, after arranging her sweet-stuff on one end of the door, she turned a basket over it, placed another on that, and laid her down to rest.

For twelve years had the old dame paid one shilling and threepence per week for this subterraneous palace. At length, a party of rats, disturbed from a neighbouring cesspool, took it into their heads to favour her by nocturnal visits. "They gnawed the ould cloak;" Norry was frightened, and took a lodger. Jim Casey was a widower of seventy-two; Norry White a widow of sixty-nine. "So the neybours couldn't talk, any how." Yet I must confess I was rather surprised a few months afterwards, just before the commencement of my story, to find Norry White metamorphosed into Mrs. Casey. Her reasons (when did an Irishwoman want them?) were sufficiently prudential. "He had a fine sackful of straw for the bed; I had the doore and the covering; sure wasn't it betther to mak a jint consarn of it; and now that he's in the 'house' with the asthma, haven't I it all to meeself?" And then, accordingly, Mrs. Casey, as the "rint" was heavy, busied herself looking out for another lodger.

It was, then, a fine spring afternoon, and old Norry sat at her stall, not looking out for customers,—that she knew was useless,—but listlessly gazing at the splendid equipages which rattled past, or with a more lively interest watching the proceedings of the "Gracians," as one by one they disappeared within the precincts of the Buildings; the more fortunate claimed by "a boy from their own parts," the remainder having struck

a bargain for six foot by three of the flooring of a back garret for present accommodation, for which by the by they were to pay about a third of the actual rent of a room which already contained three families.

"Good marning, Missis Toomey," ejaculated Norry, as a tall raw-boned termagant, a moving stack of filth, with a sickly infant in her arms and two barefooted urchins clinging to her ragged gown, sauntered towards her. "How do you find yourself this fine *evenin*, marm?"

"Carn't be worse, Mrs. Casey! carn't be worse, marm," answered the Amazon, whose eyes bore the visible marks of a pugilistic encounter, and whose breath was strongly redolent of beer and tobacco. "God help the like on us! Here's Mickey, the baste, says I'm dhrunk; so he up wid his fist, the dirty spalpeen, and giv me these two black eyes; and what'll I say whin guverness calls to-morrow about the childer?"

"Whew! does guverness call if the children don't attind riglar like? I thought she lift all that to the clargy and Miss Bradshawe."

"I don't mane our own Catholic guverness of the Buildings," said Mrs. Toomey, looking as if she would blush if she could, and gnawing the corner of a very dirty apron; "but you see the winter was like to be a very savare one; Mickey spint more than he earnt at the corner there," pointing in the direction of a large public-house; "so the district ladies said they'd pay Murray's score if so be I'd send the childer to the ragged school in the Hollow."

"What'll they larn there?" inquired Norry drily.

"The Scripters, I'm tould," answered Mrs. Toomey. "Murray's a bittther Prodistant, you know; I did not like to be hobligated to the likes of him, and I got a few tickets for soup and coals, so what's the harm done? The childer will soon unlarn all they've larnt there, ownly they'll miss the pinnies anyhow."

"Miss the pinnies!" inquired Norry; "what is it you mane by that?"

"Why, you see, the ladies found out that being ould Catherlies like, the parents didn't choose the childer to say ony prayers but their own; and whin the min tuk the pledge, and Easter cuming too, they scolded the likes of me for silling our religion, and not for a bellyful aither, jist as if it wasn't all make-belief for the winther; so they dopted a plan to giv the childer a pinny when they cum unknownt, an it'll be hard to break them of it anyhow."

"God be betune us and harm!" ejaculated Mrs. Casey, crossing herself devoutly, for with all her faults the old woman was a strict and well-living Catholic. She had lift the dhrink

many's the long year; and for the cursing, what good ever came on it? Did it ever make the pot bile or kindle the sticks? It angered God, and the ribbinate talk kept all the good people from the coort, and deprived the likes of her of many a little comfort which her own ladies would bring her. "God be betune us and harm! Peg Toomey," repeated the old woman sternly; "it's not what I expiect from the like of you. Your mother cumm'd from the same place as meeself; I remimber her whin she wore a feather in her high-crowned hat on a Sunday, and rinted a house at thirty-five pounds a year; before you were born, Peg. She died in disthress in this counthry, the crather; but she never sent her childer to a Prodistant school, and that's what your childer won't be able to say any how."

To any one else, Mrs. Toomey's reply would have been peculiarly adapted to the neighbourhood of which she figured as one of the most distinguished orators; but, half-drunk as she was, she had a sort of respect for old Norry; so shaking the poor infant until it was black in the face, and then heartily cuffing the dirty little imps at her heels for making it cry, she lounged away, muttering to herself and snarling at all whom she encountered. Mrs. Toomey's abode being a back parlour some six foot square, she banged the door with dignified violence, let the infant slip from her lap on the hearth, where it found a solace in the embraces of an old kettle, and sank into a slumber, from which she was aroused by the return of her husband from his smoking club, tired and cross. Over the scene which followed we draw a veil; suffice it, Peggy's black eyes were no better in the morning, and Mickey appeared with a deep cut across the forehead, tradition says inflicted by the broken candlestick.

Old Norry gazed after her for a moment or two in silence, then busied herself gathering together her traps, giving vent, as she did so, to such disjointed sentences as the following: "Well, it's a sorry sight! A dacent woman's child too. Ah well! whin they neglect the duty, all goes; she'll niver comb grey hairs any how."

At the mouth of the Buildings Mrs. Casey paused, as if to inhale a parting breath of comparatively pure air, when contrasted with that of the gloomy narrow vista into which she was about to plunge; but Norry was used to it, "didn't mind it any how," and turned to depart, when her attention was arrested by a deep-drawn sigh. Looking in the direction of the sound, she observed a slight youthful figure leaning against the rails of the pastry-cook's, and a pair of large blue eyes fixed wistfully on the old woman's dirty but not repulsive face. An exclamation of surprise and pity burst from the lips

of Mrs. Casey; the first a tribute to the girl's beauty, the second was drawn forth by her forlorn situation. Norry was too old a stager to mistake the young stranger's position in society; she knew her at a glance for one of the "Gracians" just arrived; and as she gazed at the timid modest countenance, "she just wished the child had stayed with her people, and not come to lose herself intirely with the riff-raffs of the Buildings." Great indeed was the mistake which caused Kate Gearey to stand a houseless wanderer at the corner of — Street; but it is a mistake into which the majority of her countrywomen fall. Of course I speak of those who bear a good character at home; for those who have lost both name and prospects, London does as well as any other place: they pick up a precarious livelihood by fair means or foul, disgrace their country, rendering it a byword of scorn in the mouths of strangers; evade the watchfulness of their priests, neglect their religion, dupe and laugh at those who would reclaim or save them, and alas! die!—but of that hereafter.

This was not, however, the case with Kate Gearey. True, her childhood had been passed in a mud-cabin; but that cabin stood on the fair banks of the Awbeg, amidst the fertile valleys of Castletown Roche, beneath the time-worn parapets of the Lords of Fermoy, just where the rock-hewn path with its hundred steps leads to the river below—that river whose wooded banks and fertile corn-fields glow with a thousand hues in the golden sunlight. True, her parents were poor; but the blue sky of Ireland was above her, its soft green turf beneath her feet, its pure air around her; and Kattie flourished as the wild flowers in her path. And she was happy too,—happy, good, and beautiful. Who that had seen her kneeling in a quiet corner of the little chapel, telling her beads, and offering her fervent petitions to the dear Mother of her God; or watched her when, wending her homeward way, she paused near the margin of the river, beneath the shadow of the castle-walls, and bending with feelings of purest devotion, quaffed in her little palm the clear water of the holy well;—who, I say, would then have deemed that sin and poverty (the poverty of London) could have aught in common with a being as spotless as Kattie? In her fifteenth year, the child grew old in the world's cares; the pig died first, then the cow, then her gentle pious mother. The father moped, took to drinking, and became good for nothing; kept company with those who would only lead him to ruin; talked of leaving the little cabin, and taking Kattie with him. To avoid this, the poor girl determined to join a party from the next post-town about to embark for Liverpool, and seek her fortune at a distance. It was in

vain the good priest of Castletown, who had known her from her infancy, shook his head. He it was who had poured the regenerating waters on her infant brow, received her first confession, stood by her mother's death-bed until the spirit passed away; no wonder, then, his heart bled for the worse than orphan.

But Kate, with many virtues, shared the faults of some of her countrywomen, and was obstinate in an eminent degree, careless, improvident. Why should she not make a fortune in London? She was young, strong, and, alas, good-looking; what more could the English want? She would get a good service, and be a lady after all. Kate forgot, or probably did not know, that the ways of her father's cabin and those of a town mansion were totally different. London gentlemen do not usually milk cows, fatten their pigs, or bake oaten cakes on turf-ashes. The English have also another peculiarity, an unpleasant one to be sure—they require a character with their domestics, and even when they have one, are not predisposed in favour of the habits of those from the Emerald Isle. The venerable priest had a vague idea of all this; but it was of no use arguing, the girl was obstinately bent on taking her own way, therefore he gave her his blessing, with the better half of the contents of his slenderly stocked purse; and Kate left her mother's grave and her birth-place, to starve and suffer in a foreign land.

Six hours had not elapsed since Kattie entered London; and as, cold, weary, exhausted with hunger, she leant against the rails, she heartily wished herself once more resting by the holy well, or even listening to the gentle chidings of Father Phelim. Of money she had still a trifle remaining; but she knew neither how to procure food or lodging, until old Norry broke the ice by asking the child, "if any of her people expected her, and where she meant to put up?" A few explanatory words sufficed, and in less than no time the pretty modest Kate Gearey was edging her way through the crowded Buildings on her way to Mrs. Casey's domicile, under the especial patronage of that worthy matron,—a fact notified to the "neighbours" by her clutching the girl's arm with one hand, whilst with the other she trailed along her whole stock in trade, mysteriously united by Norry's apron-string, broken off on purpose.

CHAPTER II. *The Buildings.*

LEAVING Norry and Kate Gearey, as they slowly wended along, we will for a few moments pause to survey "the Buildings." Take it all in all, it is no bad specimen of its class;

whilst the class itself is one I am particularly anxious to introduce to public notice. To be thoroughly appreciated, it must be seen ; yet if any of my readers are gifted with very strong imaginations indeed, they may probably, from my imperfect description, form a faint idea of what I would depict.

“ C — Buildings,” then, is a long narrow court, which by courtesy we may denominate paved : it contains some twenty-six houses, though let it not be supposed they are erected with any pretensions to regular form. Altogether irregular, the “ Buildings” includes two courts, one on the right hand, about three doors from the entrance, the other on the left, near the middle of the “ Buildings ;” the whole presenting the appearance of a cross, one arm of which has been broken off and joined on again, with a profound contempt for any thing approaching architectural precision.

I have often puzzled myself as to the origin of these Buildings. Most of the houses are small, narrow, high, slightly built, just what one sees every day ; but again, here and there, particularly in the farther turn-court, we light on those of a different construction : long gloomy passages, rambling rooms, bits of carved balustrade ; whilst on more than one occasion it has been my good luck, when groping my way in the dark, to run my head against a projecting buttress, or to stumble down two or three broken steps, without any visible termination save the foundation-wall. The end house facing — Street is, however, of a totally different build from any of its neighbours ; each floor contains a number of rooms, all of which had formerly internal communications one with the other, although on the ground-floor these entrances are now blocked up, forming separate apartments. You ascend three or four steep steps before arriving where the street-door ought to be (it was long since converted into fire-wood) ; and should you proceed incautiously, you bring yourself in contact with an old rough wall ; for the passage, instead of running straight forward, turns sharp round at a right angle ; it is long, narrow, and utterly dark, thickly studded on one hand with dilapidated doors, with here and there a projecting rusty nail, a sort of man-trap for the attire or flesh of the unwary trespasser. This passage is abruptly terminated in a very high unequal staircase, with large holes, either slightly protected by bits of oilcloth, or yawning without even an attempt at disguise. Close to this is a flight of stone steps descending to the kitchens, at the foot of which you encounter an old dry well, considered rather dangerous until you are used to it, more especially as the perfect absence of light renders it extremely dubious whether the traveller is proceeding to the

upper or lower stories. Nor is the ascent an easy one (the balustrades having shared the fate of the door); for before you are aware of it, and when you perhaps hoped to discover some kind of window, you find yourself on a small open platform of brick, containing another well, at a dizzy height from the yard, without railing of any kind, amidst an admired confusion of milk-cans, &c., which the "carriers" bring here to cleanse, paying so much to the landlord for the "convenience" of the well. Escaping this danger, you traverse another passage more perilous than the former, inasmuch as one false step precipitates you over the unguarded stair-head; you are therefore obliged to feel your way by the occasional projections as you pass. It is surprising that so few accidents do occur; though, excepting the inmates themselves, the neighbouring priests, to whom these scenes of wretchedness are familiar, and one or two thoroughly acquainted with the locality, few enter this particular house. A large room, communicating with all the others on the same landing, terminates this gallery; a second steep stair, a similar passage, another over that, and the description of the place is complete.

Perhaps no house in the whole Buildings bears a worse name than the one of which I am particularly speaking. The landlord does not reside on the premises (always an evil); the ground-floor is let out in separate tenements; but the first, second, and third story are engaged at a high rent by those who take in lodgers, no questions asked, no impertinent curiosity evinced, except as to the length of their purse. Woe therefore to the inexperienced being driven to seek shelter in the "Large House," as it is generally styled. The "Large House" has also another convenience which we will here mention (to the cursory observer the Buildings are without a thoroughfare); for between it and a sort of half-house, very small and low, is a narrow gateway of wrought iron, defended by formidable spikes, and divided by a strong bar, so as to afford ingress or egress to but one person at a time. This gateway, which divides the houses, terminates in a steep flight of stone steps, worn, broken, and rendered so slippery by the slime of well-trampled vegetable matter, as to be perilous to both neck and limb, especially at night, the time during which they are in the greatest request; these steps lead to a respectable mews, known in the Buildings by the name of the "Hollow," and containing the very ragged-schools alluded to by Mrs. Toomey in the first chapter: this terminates, as almost all other mews do, in a deep arch, flanked on one side by a large gin-palace, on the other by a pawnbroker's, either of which businesses ever flourishes in the heart of poverty and dirt.

So much for the casual passer-by. The initiated are aware of sundry communications,—not smooth or straightforward, to be sure, but passages which no one would think of,—betwixt the mews and another court, leading also into a first-rate street facing an opposite quarter of the town. This was an incalculable advantage to the idle, good-for-nothing portion of either court, more especially the first. Should a too-hardy policeman venture within the precincts of the Buildings in search of some Lilliputian culprit, convicted of pilfering apples, or the still greater enormity of pitch-and-toss, the nimble urchin gives chase down the steps, and whilst his portly pursuer stumbles over the unequal pavement of the mews, disappears from his sight as effectually as if he had possessed the talisman of the invisible prince. Were the boys of the Buildings a little excited, and the “force” interfered, a relay could be easily obtained from the court; and as all Irishmen delight in a private row, “jist to keep thimselves warm,” the “Hollow” formed an excellent neutral ground in which to fight it out.

Remarking, then, that the inhabitants of A—— Court “did not consider themselves so low entirely as those of C—— Buildings,” I hasten to return to the latter place, where my story principally lies. Three or four parlours in the Buildings have been converted into a sort of shops for low hucksters, for the sale of coke, candles, bread, pipes, skimmed milk, &c., which articles are promiscuously heaped together on a long bench serving for counter, and for all of which about two-thirds more is demanded than is their value at a regular shop; but these tradesmen being for the most part “landlords,” there was nothing to be said, few of their tenants being able to boast of a clear rent-book. There are also two beer-shops in the Buildings, and, though last not least, two “dances,” one at No. 15, in the kitchen, and the “opposition,” in a sort of out-house over the way. Here all the girls and boys, old and young, assemble after dark,—the ball-room being previously enlivened by a few dip-candles, stuck against the wall in tin sconces,—and on payment of one penny to the officiating Orpheus, are allowed to foot it heavily or nimbly, as the case may be. The mischief done by these dances is incredible, it being, as a matter of course, the proprietor’s interest to entice every good-looking girl to these haunts of infamy, where they are exposed to all the evils of a contact with half-drunken men, shameless women, in fact with all that is sickening and revolting in humanity. The pent air, rendered still more dense by the fumes of tobacco, with which the few flickering lights vainly struggle; the half-washed faces,

where every evil passion seems to revel, as though to parody the very name of mirth; the squalid forms, rendered still more ghastly by the tawdry finery with which the younger women strive to adorn themselves; the disgusting language, ribald songs, make one turn sickening from the scene, more especially as we know that there is scarce a neighbourhood frequented by the lower class of Irish which does not possess one or more temples consecrated to these unhallowed orgies. How often have I seen the deserted wife point to her starving little ones, and say, "He met the hussy at the 'dance,' and left me and the childer!" How often have I stood by the sick-bed of the heart-stricken mother, and witnessed her tears for her once duteous affectionate girl, now turned to shame, and all through the "dance!" I can vouch for one instance, in which the widow crawled from her pallet, and kneeling down in the midst of the polluted assembly, left her curse on the heads of those who encouraged her child to frequent it, then staggered back insensible to threats and insults, and laid her down to die.

It may be said, "The Irish like dancing; it is an innocent amusement; why deprive them of it?" Innocent in itself, no doubt, and healthful too, on the greensward of their native village, with the pure air around them, in the companionship of innocent hearts and bright smiles: who would grudge them this? Certainly not I; but for the scenes I have described—scenes acted in the bowels of the earth—they are a curse.

The next great nuisance to the dance is a large drain, or cesspool, running completely through the Buildings, which it is asserted has not been emptied for more than thirty years, and which, from the effluvia it emits, through the medium of numerous superfluous gratings, poisons the atmosphere, rendering the houses perfectly uninhabitable. The Buildings have also a peculiarity exclusively their own: once or twice a week, by raising certain plugs, they are literally laid under water, which operation for the time being affords unqualified delight to a host of noisy urchins, who make boats of their caps, paddle up to their knees and pelt one another with the unctuous element, receiving an occasional cuff from such of their elders as may be fortunate enough to partake of the refreshing shower. The inhabitants of the Buildings are numerous—above a thousand—and may be divided into three classes: those in regular work, those who work now and then, and those who never work at all. The first, and of course the least numerous, are denominated "carriers:" they are exclusively women, generally blessed with a lazy drunken husband and a large family of small children, all of which they contrive

to support out of eight shillings a week; and for this pittance they must rise at four on a cold dark winter's morning, be on their milk-walk before six, return at eleven, and after snatching a hasty meal, which they must prepare for themselves and children, go forth again on their toilsome round, labouring under a heavy yoke, again to return in the evening, exhausted and hungry, to find the hearth cold, Pat at the beer-shop, the youngest child fretful, the elder sickening with the measles.

The second class consists of bricklayers' labourers, charwomen, &c., who get an occasional job; but with one fixed principle, namely, never to work when they can beg, and if reduced to the last degrading alternative of manual labour, to do as little as possible, circumventing their employers, "jist for the honour of the thing." These toil, upon an average, some three months in the year; for the remaining nine, hod, spade, and every article of clothing, are stowed away at the pawnbroker's, the room being "too small intirely for the like of them." An unexpected job, however, turns up. What's to be done? Pat flies to the neighbouring chapel, tells his tale to his "own clargy," gets the money to redeem his "implements," which in a couple of days' time are again pawned. The do-nothings, of course, form the majority of the population: you may know them at a glance. The women quarrelling, gossiping, squatting on the ground, attending to their neighbours' affairs, simply because they have none of their own; the men, too lazy to stand, lying on their faces in the sun, a short pipe in their mouths, playing cards on the pavement; or still more often in a state of beastly insensibility, sprawling under your very feet as you pick your way along,

When Norry and her charge entered the court, the whole place was astir; it swarmed like a disturbed hive, the hum of voices, screams of children, the shrill tones of the women, and the curses of the men, mingling in one deafening uproar. The "carriers" had returned; groups were formed in every direction discussing the great point of interest, namely the "Gracians." The barrows and trucks were wheeled into the turn-court, in which Norry's abode was situated, and for the day business seemed at an end; the beer-shops began to evince tokens of life, and an experienced observer might discern the unequivocal symptoms of a carouse "jist to welcome the strangers."

The first floor of Mrs. Casey's "place" was let to the school; so just as she rounded the corner, her progress was arrested by a band of fresh-dismissed urchins, who with the glee consequent on their emancipation, rushed forward whoop-

ing, bawling, screaming, at the very pitch of their lungs; striking each other with catechisms, slates, or whatever came uppermost, although it may be remarked they were demure enough until "governess and the ladies were out of the court." There was no hurry, not the slightest; so old Norry settled herself to talk it over quietly until the "childer cleared the doore."

A temporary calm was succeeded by a fresh burst of the young fry, now armed with huge lumps of bread, garnished with orange-looking butter, dripping, treacle, or whatever came to hand. The possessors of the latter luxury were of course marked objects of envy to their juvenile compeers; they gazed admiringly on the embryo aldermen, who with smeared visages munched away with true epicurean delight.

Amidst this tumult was one pale, sickly little thing, the very ghost of a child; whose pallid emaciated countenance bore all the marks of a premature old age, and whose large melancholy eyes seemed eagerly seeking that love and tenderness it had never known. It too had left the school; but poor and neglected as its companions were, it was poorer and more neglected still. Its little bare feet were bruised and dirty, its thin tattered frock hung loosely on its wasted frame; it was hungry and sick, without spirit even to crave a morsel from its companions; and after one or two wistful, fruitless glances, it withdrew under the shelter of a tilted cart, on which its schoolfellows were riding, and sat it quietly down. It was heart-rending to gaze on the deserted child, so still, so mournful, even so thoughtful; and yet at so unthinking an age children reflect more than is generally imagined. And as that little deserted one rested its cheek on its hand, its meditations were of high and heavenly things; it marvelled what could make the others laugh amidst dirt and wretchedness and sin; it turned its eyes on the narrow strip of blue sky above it, and wondered if that was the heaven where its mother was; a father it had never known, save him whom its kind teachers taught it to address in morning and evening prayer; and with a child's intuitive confidence in "Mary," it wished she would come and lift her up as she had seen in the little pictured prayer-book which her governess had given her. Meanwhile her earthly fate was decided; "the woman had enough of her own, without being plagued with a brat of six years old, so it was to go to the House to-morrow." The quiet of the poor little sufferer was, not however, of long duration; children are proverbially tyrants and imitators of the faults of their elders; all they themselves endure, they retaliate on their dolls, or any domestic animal over whom they may possess jurisdiction. The child-

ren of the Buildings were not, of course, more humane than others; and when tired of squabbling between themselves, they commenced a unanimous assault on the tiny victim, who silently cowered as closely as possible under the protecting cart. Their taunts and sneers the child seemed too stupid to notice, but when dragged from her temporary shelter, she began to cry bitterly. "Take that, you whimpering bastard!" exclaimed a thick-set ruffianly boy of about thirteen, the pest and terror of the Buildings; dealing the child so severe a blow that the blood gushed from its nose, making it scream more violently than before. "And take *that*, you good-for-nothing young scoundrel! You'll come to the gallows yet, as sure as my name's Pat Sheehan," roared a handsome young Irishman about six foot high, felling the aggressor to the ground before he knew where he was. "An this! an this!" he continued, bestowing one or two kicks on the prostrate coward, whose shrieks for assistance, whilst they excited the risibility of the men, awakened the ire of the boy's grandmother, who issuing from a doorway, rushed to the scene of action, her face inflamed by drink, her grey hair streaming in all directions, and her torn and dirty cap hanging behind her head. "Have at you, Pat Sheehan! How dare the likes of you slaughter my child like a bullock?" she exclaimed, in a yell which almost cracked the ears of her auditors.

"Hould your tongue, Mother Reardon; and here, Mary, catch up the child an be off wid you; lave me alone to dale wid the ould cat; her claws can't spile my beauty any how." So saying, he tenderly placed the little orphan in the arms of a pretty young woman, and drawing himself up to his full height, contented himself by evading the old dame's vigorous attacks, at first with an ironical politeness which almost frenzied her; then, giving way to his frolic-loving nature, he continued dancing round the aged fury, whistling all the while, as if to keep time with her movements. His audience, with whom Pat was a great favourite, were convulsed with mirth; and how long this scene might have continued, or to what lengths Mother Reardon's rage might have carried her, is unknown, had not an unexpected accident terminated the exploits of the principal actor. Sheehan's trousers were none of the best; and whilst capering with great agility, vaulting from the ground, striking his hands above his head, and hooting with all his might, a loud crack was audibly heard. Pat stood aghast; then, with an exclamation something very like an oath, took to his heels, and stayed not until he had threaded the mazes of the Large House, and panting with exertion, stood before Mary and the child. "Now, Mary, that's jist what I expicted," he said reproachfully, "and you've shamed me

before the whole coort. Didn't I give you my word I'd niver pawn thim agin, if you'd relase thim this once? And now I must sit in the corner all day, wid your ould petticoat to kiver me, bekase I'm shamed to be seen."

"How many times have I relased thim, Pat?" inquired Mrs. Sheehan, trying to look angry. "It's the good-for-nothing scamps you consort wid, who laugh you into ony think. Didn't I relase thim last Saturday, and sind you out on Sunday clane and dacent, wid an illigant pair of boots like a gentleman? And didn't you come home widout thim, looking as foolish as an omadhaun? and don't you mak me curse and negliet me dooty, bekase I've a good-for-nothing lazy husband, who sills all for the dhrink, and meesilf out on the walk all the blissed day?" and poor Mary began to cry.

"Now, Mary, it wasn't my fault intirely; that rascal Toomey made me dhrunk, and thin the boys laffed at me, and said I was undher me missus's apron like; and thin I grew shamed, so I let thim tak off my beautiful trousers and boots, and they pawned thim down the Hollow, and brought me home like a baste as I am, Mary. And what'll I do with this rint—you can't stitch that up ony how?"

Pat cast a rueful glance on his fractured trousers, whilst Mary gravely answered, "I'll not redame thim, Pat Sheehan, until you've promised Miss Bradshawe niver to let ony living soul tak thim from you agin."

"Now, Mary dear, sure you won't complain me to Miss Bradshawe?" said Pat coaxingly; "she'll scould me intirely. Didn't I promise her to reform twinty times? and if she hadn't saved me from being flayed alive, whin that brute baste of a sister of mine wint to pull the skin off me chist, you'd have had no husband, Mary, any how."

"No husband, indeed!" answered his pretty wife, with a coquettish toss of her head; "indeed, an I couldn't have found a worse than I've got. But now, once for all, Pat, I'll tell of you, and there's an end of it."

Pat sat down sheepishly, without reply; and Mary, busying herself about the tea and child, soon forgot her ill humour.

No sooner had Sheehan's disappearance restored something like quiet to the turn-court, than old Norry seemed to remember Kattie, who stood by her side, a living statue of wonder, staring and listening with all her might, and yet as far as ever from knowing what it meant. Norry plucked her by the arm, and they had advanced a few paces, when a shrill voice accosted them with, "Why, Mrs. Casey, marm, your husband's got his discharge, poor man, from the House, and it's very ill he is intirely down below there!"

"My husband! what'll I do now, I'd like to know? An

what's to become of the child? The bed'll never hould us all, even if I eked it out wid the stall."

"What's that you're saying, Norry?" asked the first speaker. "Is it a lodger you want to stow away? I've plenty of room, since the Sillivans got into that little thrubble, and ——"

"I don't think your place would altogether shute, Mrs. Carty," answered Norry significantly. "The child's a 'Gracian,' and not used to it; besides ——"

"Oh, the Sheehans lodge wid me now, and I don't do much business; I've airned nothink to spake of lately. The clargy said so much about it, the people won't have the cards at all, and the cup don't pay to signify."

"The Sheehans lodge wid you, do they?" inquired Norry, disregarding the latter portion of Mrs. Carty's address; "well, there's room enough, ony how. I wish Jim had bided a while longer in the house, and Mary'd jist have an eye afther her. How many lodgers have you now, Mrs. Carty?"

"Why, barring the Sheehans, there's ownly the Flannaghans, ould Biddy Sarchfield, and thim two boys of Burkes, and Sillivan's girl, that runned away about the dance, and blind Murphy and his grandson, and one Daly,—that's all; and we've two rooms, and praps the Sheehans 'll let her bide with thim, for Mary's nice about who I put in the impty bed."

"Where did Daly come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Casey, who possessed Eve's failing in a supereminent degree.

"He's a young fellow not long over. I think he comes from Roscrea: none on us knows him. He's bin married, but his wife died of the fever; so I suppose he's cum over to look for another;" and the old woman fixed her little ferret eyes on Kattie.

"Better stayered at home, if that's all he cum'd for," growled Norry. "Well, I wish my stoopid Jim had stayered where he was; what'll I do wid the likes of him here? Well, God bless you, child! May his blessed Mother and all the Saints guard your bed this night! Put your beads under your head, ony how," she added in a whisper, "an I don't think much harm'll cum on it." So saying, old Norry shook hands heartily with the bewildered Kattie, and followed her companion with a glance in which ill-will and fear were strangely mingled.

"The ould witch! But what could I do? She knows more than's seemly for us poor sinners. Didn't she mak the key turn in the Bible whin the suv'rin was lost, and Meg Sillivan neglieted the dooty iver since, for why she tuk to havin her fortin tould. Well, He sees all things—glory to his name!" And crossing herself reverentially, Mrs. Casey, once more gathering together her property, cautiously commenced her descent to her cellar.

THE FUGITIVE. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

(Concluded from p. 55.)

WE left the fugitive, Simon Platzer, explaining to his friend Anthony the nature and progress of the struggle going on between the King of Bavaria and the Church, and recounting the efforts made by the king to usurp the spiritual, under the guise of a temporal authority.

"Last year," said Platzer, "about this time, Emmanuel, the Bishop of Trent, was summoned to Innspruck; and a fortnight later our Bishop, Karl Rudolph, who was not then at Coire, but at Méran. The Commissary-General, Count A——, immediately paid each of them a most friendly visit, and shewed them every attention; but this courtesy was only assumed in order to induce them to obey the King's commands."

"Forgive me for interrupting you so soon again, but why was not the Bishop of Brixen summoned too?"

"That is not exactly known; but it is imagined that because the canon, who managed matters there, was inclined to be more compliant towards the government than he ought to have been, the government wished to treat the Bishop himself with more courtesy, although this latter distinctly opposes every thing uneccelesiastical and unlawful. Some say that the government hastened to assume the appearance of victory, by making the most of some insignificant concessions, in order to place in a stronger light the obstinacy of the other Bishops. They themselves seem to have suspected something of the sort, for they invited their brother-bishop to join them in their resistance; but Franz Karl was confined to a sick-bed, and the Brixenites, glad of an excuse for neutrality, did not send a substitute."

"And how did matters go on with the two Bishops?"

"The Commissary-General adopted different methods with each. Knowing Emmanuel's gentleness of disposition, he painted in the most fearful colours the sad consequences of a continuation of the contest, and asked him if he could expect his majesty to give way. A subject might surely sacrifice his private opinion to his monarch, who would then bear all the responsibility; but if the consciences of many were made uneasy, pastors disunited, and parishes distracted, by a continuance of these dissensions, the enormous weight of blame would fall upon those who fostered them. Emmanuel listened with deep emotion; but under a gentle exterior he concealed great firm-

ness of character. In reply, he read to the Count the Papal brief, and asked, 'Whom shall I obey in matters that concern the Church—the King or the Pope? The commands that I must regard as lamentable innovations, or the laws that are as old as the Church itself, and that I have bound myself by oath to obey? Can there be a doubt on the subject? Say yourself, Herr Count,—for you, as much as myself, would wish to act uprightly and honourably,—what would you do in my place?' So saying, he took the Count's hands, and gazed mildly and inquiringly at him. The latter could not entirely repress his emotion; and it was only after a long silence that he could escape from his embarrassment by observing, 'That many learned priests had openly expressed their opinion that the royal requisitions did not in any way touch the essential part of the Church.' When Emmanuel would prove to him the contrary, he excused himself by saying that he was no theologian, and must therefore refuse to enter into the mazes of that science. The parting was somewhat more reserved than the meeting, but still courteous. The Count repeated his visits, and each time brought to the argument fresh weapons, drawn from the armoury of modern enlightenment. But all his shots rebounded harmless from the adamant shield of the Church's truth."

"Doubtless he came no better off from *our* Bishop."

"There he tried another mode of attack. Although even with him he by no means omitted all possible marks of deference, yet in dealing with so open and powerful an opponent he thought it necessary to express himself in a more emphatic manner. He said, 'Karl Rudolph was a foreign bishop; it was only his high personal merits that had caused, and at first justified, the unusual toleration extended to him in the exercise of his pastoral authority over a part of the Bavarian dominions. But if the Bishop of Coire intended to abide by the principles on which he had hitherto acted, it was his, the Count's, painful duty to say, that there could be no doubt what measures the government would be forced to adopt.' The conclusion of the statesman's speech was accompanied with an expressive look of warning. Karl Rudolph met it with undisturbed calmness; a faint smile played upon his venerable features; he replied with composure, 'So you want to frighten me into the performance of my duty, as they do children!' A burning glow mantled the cheeks of the Count. The other continued more gravely, 'I cannot obey the commands of the King, because they are contrary to those of God. If his majesty obtains from the Head of the Church my canonical removal from the Tyrolese part of my diocese, I should gladly accede to the

mere wish of the Holy Father.' The Commissary-General, somewhat confounded by the dignity of this reply, entreated the Bishop, in flattering terms, not to confound what might seem harsh in his, the Count's, performance of his official functions, with his own personal feelings towards him; then, with renewed expressions of esteem, he proceeded to explain, that the removal of so highly gifted a prelate would be so much the more to be lamented for the sake of religion, as it must prove without object; for his majesty's decrees were to be looked upon as unalterable, and it would be better for the diocese that they should be carried out under the superintendence of an old and beloved pastor, than under that of one who had been forced upon them. Karl Rudolph answered, 'It is no question of my withdrawal, until the Holy Father himself commands it. No other power on earth can force me to give up my diocese, because no other has the right to do it.' "

"That was indeed a bishop-like answer," cried Anthony, interrupting him.

Platzer continued: "The Commissary-General swallowed the distastefulness of the reply without moving a muscle, and said, 'that he observed with pleasure this cheerful refusal to contemplate even the possibility of so painful an event; the clouds would, he hoped, disperse without the threatened storm; with the good feeling of his majesty, and the noble heart of the worthy Bishop, a really inimical course was not to be feared; it had been in order to set right the few misunderstandings that existed between them, that the royal government had requested the favour of his lordship's presence; but to attain this desirable end as soon as possible, he must beg permission, as he himself was no divine, to propose as a substitute for himself, in the necessary conferences, the worthy Government Counsellor and Professor of Canon Law, the Rev. Herr B——.' Karl Rudolph expressed himself satisfied with this arrangement. The conversation then turned upon indifferent topics,—the fine autumnal weather, the grand and beautiful environs of Innspruck; and they took leave of each other as if after an ordinary visit of courtesy."

"The Count seemed more afraid of the Bishops than the Bishops of him," remarked Anthony; "but I suspect the Professor will be a worse person to deal with."

"On the following day, the threatened antagonist was announced. The Bishop had seen him out walking the evening before; a tall figure in a blue frock, with yellow nankeen pantaloons. But now he entered in full dress of black, wearing his doctor's silk gown, with a Bavarian order upon his breast, in his hand the two-cornered hat of office with gold tassels.

Karl Rudolph approached him with dignity, and greeted him with these emphatic words: 'You, then, are he who undertakes to instruct Pope and Bishops in canon law?' The Professor was disconcerted, but quickly recovered himself, and replied, 'My lord, it is truth that gives to learning its pre-eminence. If, in the course of candid examination, I have arrived at certain conclusions which do not coincide with individual practices in the Church, I should regret it sincerely; but I could not alter my view of the subject, unless I became convinced that another was better; for our thoughts are not under our own control. Meanwhile, I am commissioned by the Royal Commissary-General to offer my services in explaining the policy of the government.'

" 'The policy of the government,' answered the Bishop, 'can be no mystery to me, who have had so much experience of it. But you are expected to justify to me what must also be justified to the whole world. Are you really willing to undertake the task?'

" 'Yes; I declare frankly, that both as a Christian and as a subject, I approve of and respect the King's measures. It is true that they must not be judged of by the usages of the past, but by the wants of the present, and the law of reason. The successors of the Apostles have too long forgotten those important words, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' To the maxim of the *suffering*, they prefer that of the *glorified* Redeemer: 'All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth.' Those calling themselves religious and ecclesiastics have heaped up for themselves the possessions of whole families, revelled in superfluity, lived in splendour, taken part in all worldly affairs, claimed all possible privileges, kept the people in leading-strings, and made themselves first the guardians, then the masters, of kings and emperors. So monstrous an anomaly could not last. The dawn of enlightenment pierced through the darkness of the times. The princes awoke, broke their ignominious chains, asserted their rights, and opened the way to a new era, when Church and State shall free themselves from their unholy alliance, each to attain its natural development, and each, according to divine appointment, to labour in its own sphere for the welfare of mankind. It is to *this* that the events of the times are tending: who will, who may, who can, throw himself into the stream, in the vain hope of curbing its course? Who would not rather joyfully, and full of prophetic hope, follow its resistless flow?'

" When he had finished, the Bishop took up the word. 'Even Popes and Bishops,' said he, 'are frail men. Were no failings and abuses to be found among the clergy, it would

be far more wonderful than the fact that such things do exist. But I lament that even you, a learned ecclesiastic, should share in the common delusion, and fail in discerning the greatness and excellence of those centuries when it was from Christianity that earthly government derived light and strength; a light which is ill replaced by the poor resources of diplomatic craft, and a strength not that of mere nature. And why should it be said that it is unseemly for the clergy to take part in worldly matters? The first Christian community even laid all their worldly possessions at the feet of the Apostles and their deacons, committing to them the care of their temporal interests. Religion should be the moving principle not only of spiritual, but also of temporal concerns; not only of families, but also of kingdoms. It is only for the impartial future to decide whether the so-called dark ages, under the guidance of the priesthood, or the so-called days of enlightenment, deserve the preference; that is to say, whether men were better and happier then or now. But let us leave the past. The princes have long enjoyed their independence; the influence of the Church is as much as possible limited to pure spiritualities. But with this you are not content. You wish to rule alone every where, even in the sanctuary. To subjugate the Church, and reduce her to the mere slave of the state; it is to this that all the efforts of the government tend.'

"'Far be it from our good and Christian King,' answered the Professor, 'to wish to attack what is divine and essential in the Church; he trenches upon no article of faith, no sacrament; but those things which are of mere human institution and temporal in their nature, it is the province of the government to superintend and conduct. For example, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is confessedly of divine institution; but the time, place, frequency, cost of its celebration, are external contingencies; and so far as they may affect the welfare of his people, they ought to be subject to the will of the monarch.'

"'According to these principles,' rejoined the Bishop, 'the priesthood resembles a treasure that is buried, eyes that are blindfolded, the life of one in a trance, or that fabled princess who was forced to lie in an enchanted sleep till a hero should come to break the charm with his sword. Such would become the sacerdotal authority, without action, without voice, without movement, till called into life by the touch of the royal sceptre. And what a life, if every external action and omission depend upon a stranger will! Where is there to be found upon earth a slavery more oppressive and degrading than this to which you would subject the Church? And this violence you call reforming her, and restraining her within her proper

limits! Look back to her origin: did Christ ask Pilate or the tetrarch Herod when and where He should preach the gospel? 'We must obey God rather than men,' was the Apostle's reply to the prohibition of the earthly rulers, not only of Jerusalem, but of the whole world. Christ established his Church *free*, endowed with divine rights and power from on high, and she has maintained them independent of the world; against all its principalities and powers, against all the persecutions of craft and force, against chains and dungeons, against fire and sword, she has maintained it unshaken and invincible. And this independence and divinely-given freedom of the Church you call something non-essential, merely human, accidental. Listen to an important acknowledgment escaped from the pen of a statesman highly esteemed by you. 'Like every thing else, the chair of St. Peter has decayed; the papal thunderbolts are extinguished; the Holy Father reigns but as a shadow at Rome; the Papacy itself is gone the way of all flesh, and civil governments have taken its place. We are at last free, and have gained a rich inheritance.' What do you say to these Christianlike principles of your esteemed partisan?

"The Professor looked thoughtful and perplexed, as the Bishop replaced the letter on the table. The latter continued—

" 'We have seen now pretty clearly the real aim of all these restrictions on the Head of the Church. So much, then, for the Pope. And we Bishops are only to be tolerated as wheels of the state-machine, the pastors as levers by which it acts, religion itself only as a means of moving it, as the wind moves the sails of a windmill. The great ones of this world have mostly lost their Christianity; and as they are become heathens, so, like the heathens, they would regard religion merely as the instrument of the state, with which to work upon the masses.'

"The Professor could not conceal his uneasiness; without raising his eyes he replied, 'The writer you have quoted is not speaking of the successor of the penitent Peter, but of the ambitious Gregory the Seventh. It is not the office of chief pastor that is passing away, but the temporal power of the Papacy. Besides, the private opinions of an individual servant of the state ought never to be looked upon as the principles of the government. These latter are not concealed: they simply demand the natural and divine right of the state, namely, an independent and supreme authority over all public affairs within its dominions. All the members of the body are subject to one reason and one will. What would an arm or foot be, separated from the frame to which it belongs? Independent public so-

cieties within the great community of the state, reduce the organisation of the latter to a hideous and miserable deformity. The necessary union and rational security of all kingdoms require the assertion and maintenance of unalienable rights, even against the ecclesiastical body.'

"The Bishop smiled and said, 'I heartily concur in the sentiments you have just expressed concerning the necessity of internal independence to a state. Otherwise it would be no state, but merely a province. But is not the freedom that is indispensable to the existence of the State, equally so to that of the Church? What would become of her were she under the dominion of secular power, unconsecrated, unauthorised, often ignorant? She would fall into as many separate parts as there are states, and be no longer that which Christ instituted her.'

"'It is not to be denied,' answered the Professor, 'that the unity of practice and discipline may suffer. But one Christian faith will maintain itself under all governments, however outward regulations and usages may vary. The spirit of religion is immortal, though her form must be subject to external circumstances. Two independent powers cannot subsist within the same limits; so let the Church, following the example of her divine Founder, meekly submit, allowing the State to rule in undisputed supremacy.'

"'Were it so, we should indeed have returned to the times of heathenism, when the Church stood in relation to the State as the oppressed to the oppressor. Yet now persecution would fail in gaining its end, as it did then. The place of the grey-haired Pontiff, who, exiled in France, fell a victim to grief, has been supplied, in spite of all obstacles, by one in the prime of age and strength; and though those who have gained the power to do so may usurp the office of the legitimate Bishops, who pine in prison and in exile, yet the people will fly from pastors they must consider as intruders, as from those infected by the plague; the altars will be desolate, the pulpits silent, the churches deserted; divine worship will in a great degree disappear from open day, and, as in primitive times, take refuge in private dwelling-houses and secret chambers, in woods and caves: the government will combat with an invisible power, and by the universal disorder only will be rendered conscious of the resistance made to it. Is it thus that the monarch cares for the public weal? and to this system of action, so subversive of all that is most holy, so generally destructive, we shall be led by a mere spectre of the imagination,—the chimera of the impossibility of two independent powers existing together! The eagle has two pinions, and only by the combined action of both can

he rise in the air ; the human frame has two hands, and each hand has its own functions to perform ; men can live and act together in the world, independently of each other ; and shall only the Christian State and the Christian Church not be able to maintain themselves separately on the same spot ? Are the servitude and shackles of the latter indispensable to the existence and security of the former ? Is not the same God the ruler of both ? and has He not assigned different offices to them ? Cannot each be content with independence within its own sphere ? In freedom alone can Church and State flourish and increase, and in their concord alone can mankind.'

"A pause followed. The Bishop resumed with warmth : 'Reflect upon all this ; and if you feel that there is truth in what I have said, let these new convictions banish the old from your mind.' 'I will reconsider the subject,' replied the Professor ;' and making a reverence, he withdrew."

Anthony had listened with almost breathless attention, so completely absorbed was he in the relation ; now, coming to himself, he said : "That was indeed a remarkable conference, Herr Simon ; it has set my head thinking more than the most learned sermon of Herr Fruhmesser. Was the Lutheran clergyman really converted ?"

"The Bishop saw no more of him," answered Platzer ; "he neither altered his doctrine or his relations with the Government. Not long after, the before-mentioned Commissary-General made his appearance, accompanied by two gentlemen. With an air of unusual gravity, he again represented to the Bishops the fruitlessness of their resistance, and the painful consequences to themselves, adding that this warning would not be repeated. Emmanuel exclaimed, 'Oh, that we may suffer persecution for Christ and his Church ! What can be sweeter upon earth ?' Karl Rudolph said, 'Us you can fetter and banish, but not the truth.' The Commissary-General opened the despatches from Munich : "*both Bishops are, by the royal command, deposed from their office.*" They protested against the validity of the royal sentence."

"On the same day, the Bishop of Trent was conveyed in a closed carriage to Salzburg, which town had been assigned to him as the place of his banishment. An hour after his departure, a second carriage stood before the inn, surrounded by a great crowd of people. When our revered Bishop appeared, all threw themselves sobbing on their knees ; he blessed them, and said, 'Pray for the Church and the King !' At the Bishop's side sat a commissary of police, cold and gloomy, silent and motionless. The journey continued uninterruptedly all night, till they reached Landeck ; the evening of the following day

they arrived at Nauders, the first town after entering the diocese of Coire. The people were indignant at the situation of their beloved pastor. Flashing eyes and threatening gestures were every where to be seen, but a look from him calmed the already rising storm. The parish chose three men to accompany and attend on the Bishop. The scene at his final departure was heart-rending.

“Karl Rudolph wished to continue the journey by way of the Vintschgau, entering the Grisons by the Münsterthal; but his companion silently held before him the unalterable plan of their route. They therefore descended the gloomy valley behind Nauders to Martinsbruck. When arrived at the frontier bridge, the Commissary drew a paper from his pocket, assumed a still more important mien, and, in a voice loud enough to be heard above the roaring of the Inn, read as follows: ‘It is to be announced on the frontier to the exiled Bishop of Coire, Karl Rudolph, Baron von Buol-Schauenstein, that should he venture to return into the territory of the King of Bavaria, he will be seized and punished as a felon.’ The official folded up the paper, made a slight bow, and turned back with the lawyer who had accompanied him from Nauders; Karl Rudolph had scarcely time to say to him a parting ‘God be with you.’

“He now walked on with his three companions through the Engadi as far as Tarasp, where they rested at the convent of the Capuchins. The next day, in spite of all remonstrances, he set out on a journey, dangerous at that advanced season, the passage over the Scharler-Goch to the frontier town of Münster, in order to take measures for providing a representative of himself in the Bavarian part of his diocese. Till they arrived at the snow, they met with no particular difficulties. But here they soon lost all traces of their path; but forcing their way through the masses of snow, they at last reached, exhausted, the wished-for summit. The sun had long set, the last rays of twilight had disappeared, and the thickly rolling clouds every moment increased the darkness; even the gleaming of the white snow was only visible a few paces before them. Nor was it this alone that rendered the descent so perilous; the precipices became steeper and more rugged; the snow was drifted in larger masses. They constantly lost their footing, and found it almost impossible to keep together; at every step they sank into the snow, sometimes up to the breast. The men broke out in lamentations, not on their own account, but for the sake of their Bishop. He himself was cheerful and undismayed; he spoke to them words of holy consolation, and even sang verses of hymns. At length, the

last ray of hope seemed to leave his companions; they let fall the arms that they bore, and flung themselves upon the snow, exclaiming, 'We are lost! God have mercy on us!' Yet still the servant of God struggled to free himself from that frozen grave, and cried out, 'Courage, my children! God is with us; what should we fear?' And in a voice that echoed loudly through the desolate mountain stillness, he intoned a psalm breathing confidence in God."

"Truly our Bishop is a saint," cried Anthony, interrupting him.

Platzer continued: "Succour came, and almost miraculously. A peasant from Münster, who was also benighted, was descending the mountain near them, and heard their voices. Guessing that there were men in danger, he hastened towards the place from whence the sound proceeded. What was his surprise on hearing singing! He shouted in reply. An answer echoed back. He soon reached the poor exhausted travellers. How astonished, how shocked was he on recognising the Bishop! He reverentially kissed his hand, and helped him out of the deep snow into which he had again sunk. 'Friend,' said Karl Rudolph, 'God sends you here to be our angel guardian. With his help, fulfil now your mission.' Each one felt his confidence renewed. They struggled successfully against all obstacles, and at midnight reached the cloister at Münster."

"It was indeed almost miraculous," cried Anthony.

Meantime Platzer and Anthony, almost without being aware of their progress, had advanced far into the mountains, over pathless wastes and precipitous rocks, through mountain pastures and woods, with here and there wandering flocks of sheep and goats browsing upon the young shoots of the trees. They now came upon a patch of ground covered with blue berries, peeping from amongst thickly-growing leaves. "The Mossberry Plain!" exclaimed the priest: "oh, how often have I feasted here for hours together! Let us quench our thirst at the cool spring behind the hill there, and rest ourselves a little; for you know there is no other spring in this whole range of mountains."

They ascended through the gorge towards the desired spot. Already they see the water sparkling from between the mossy stones; they can hear the murmuring of the stream—now they stand at its side. The middle current glided through a hollowed birch-stem, down over its pebbly and gravelly bed, where it was joined by the streams that ran on either side, and then re-sank into the ground. Two trunks of trees lay before the spring, and the green grass on each side offered inviting

resting-places. Here our wanderers sat down opposite each other, under the shade of some young pines that embalmed the air with their fragrance. Squirrels skipped among the branches, or nibbled at the cones. In the background cackled a flock of moor-cocks, of which some were visible, timidly venturing from among the underwood. Mountain-finches, that had been first scared away by the invasion of their solitude, again came fluttering near, hovering about the only stream that existed for miles round. Anthony produced some rye-bread and smoked meat; and, with a feeling of peace and security, they began to satisfy their hunger, quenching their thirst at the "Cold Spring."

When they felt sufficiently refreshed, they returned thanks and proceeded onwards. "This," said Anthony, "is the happiest day of my life; for I love such relations as I have heard to-day better than Kirmes or bridal festival. How glad I am to understand the reason of what passes around us! I remember that once the Herr Curate said in the pulpit, after giving out the notices, 'Let us pray for our right reverend and beloved Bishop—he has much to suffer!' He began to weep, and said no more; most of the congregation wept with him. Soon the blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the adoration began; it lasted the whole day. But we did not know what had befallen the Bishop; till at last the advocate brought in the news from Schlanders, that the king had deposed him, and people were discussing whether it were valid or not. But pray tell me the rest of the history; I long for it more than I did just now for the 'Cold Spring.'" Platzer therefore resumed the narration:

"Karl Rudolph sent messengers in all directions to summon the clergy of the Ober and Unter Vintsgau to attend him at Münster. Regardless of danger, they hastened, even in greater numbers than was necessary, to gather round their beloved Bishop, and moisten his hand with kisses and tears. This venerable prince of the Church delivered an address to the assembled priests, laying before them the circumstances in which he stood towards the government, and relating what had befallen him; that in body he should be for some time separated from his beloved clergy and people in the Tyrolese part of his diocese, but that his spirit would remain with them and pray for them. He would still remain their rightful Bishop, until such time as he himself should abdicate, with the sanction of Rome. He nominated as his vicar-generals, the Pfarrer Patscheider of Méran, and the Pfarrer Schuster of Schlanders. All mere state appointments to the cure of souls were to be looked upon as invalid; and in the matter of

royal ordinances concerning ecclesiastical regulations, they were to guard against appearing to acknowledge their authority by making any condemnable concessions. At the close of the address all threw themselves on their knees, while he supplicated, in a loud voice, for *fortitude* or for *peace*. Burning tears rolled down the cheeks of grey-haired men; and they parted from their chief pastor like children from an exiled father.

"Their first petition seemed more likely to be heard than their second. An express arrived at Méran from Innspruck, commanding the instant arrest of Godfrey Purtscher, the regent of the seminary. But he had already fled to Coire. He was the most undaunted and influential of the Bishop's counsellors. Then came royal proclamations, one upon another: *Whoever dared to maintain relations with the outlawed and exiled Bishop of Coire should be treated as a felon; after the 1st of January, 1808, the clergy of the late diocese of Coire were to render obedience to the Bishop and Consistory of Augsburg; every parish priest was to possess a copy of the Royal State Gazette, in order that he might know what were the government directions on the mode of conducting church matters. These ordinances became every day more and more numerous; for instance, the public recital of the Rosary and the Litany of Loretto was forbidden; the public Office in Advent, and the Christmas Midnight Mass, were forbidden; votive pilgrimages and processions peculiar to individual parishes were forbidden; even the passing-bell for the dying was silenced.*"

"What a heathenish regulation!" cried Anthony indignantly.

"Have not these and suchlike alterations been carried out with you?"

"With us every thing remains as usual. The Herr Curate would rather be martyred, I think, than alter any thing. Besides, no one takes the trouble to inquire into what passes in our retired valley. To-day is the first time that we have seen soldiers there. But do the clergy on the banks of the Adige comply with such Lutheran demands?"

"Where no ecclesiastical law stands in the way, the generality obey the government: for example, they conduct the services on abrogated feasts in the same manner as on working-days, because the Church herself has removed the obligation of observing them. Often, also, they evade a regulation by artifice. When, for instance, saying the beads was forbidden, the Pfarrer of Algund desired the congregation to recite them three times over. The people were surprised at their pastor's

request, but obeyed willingly. In a short time the good Pfarrer was called to account for his conduct: 'Why do you continue the recital of the beads, when it has been forbidden by his majesty?' 'Sir,' replied the Pfarrer, 'instead of the beads we now recite the Psalter.' The official, who did not know that one hundred and fifty Ave Marias were a substitute for the one hundred and fifty Psalms, and are, on that account, termed the Psalter, pictured to himself the whole congregation singing a sonorous psalm-tune, and henceforth could not sufficiently applaud the psalm-singers of Algund."

"That was indeed a good joke," said Anthony, laughing. Platzzer continued:

"This official was the dreaded Theodore von H——, Captain of the district at Bruneck, in the Pusterthal. In order to check the confusion and hindrances existing in ecclesiastical affairs, he came, in the Christmas of last year, as Special Commissary to Méran. On St. Stephen's day the parish priest was taking off his vestments after Mass, when the constable entered the sacristy, and delivered to him a decree. It was a summons to appear without delay, with all the clergy of the place, before the Royal Special Commissary, at the inn of the Golden Sun. In an hour's time the clergy, dressed in their cassocks, and walking two and two through the street, repaired to the appointed place. A soldier was keeping guard before the door of the audience-chamber; a servant opened it, and announced them. Behind a long table, in the middle of the room, stood the statesman in full uniform, with long curled locks. His air was to the last degree pompous and stately. In his right hand he held a paper, his left rested on one of two pistols that lay on the table. The tall, grave-looking Landrichter stood on one side; on the other his secretary. The clergy ranged themselves in a half circle; foremost stood the Pfarrer Patscheider, an old man, but whose sickly and drooping frame contained undiminished powers of mind. Next him, the humble but talented Lutz, the episcopal advocate; then came the rector of the college, Langes, looking out furtively from under his dark eyebrows; then three priests of the Episcopal Seminary, in their gowns. At the further end was seen the fine figure of the Father Guardian of the Capuchins, who often turned his mild countenance towards the Landrichter, his patron. On a sign from the Special Commissary, the secretary began to read out the names. When the list came to the Baron von B——, who, though a beneficiary of Trent, resided at Méran, H—— interrupted the silence he had till then observed. Suddenly rousing himself, he said, 'Ah, Herr Baron, you have a charming sister; her beauty is most en-

chanting! I was fortunate enough to see this flower of Méran at the window of your house. Have the kindness to kiss the gentle baroness's hand for me!"

"How could he make such a fool of himself?" said Anthony, laughing.

"His countenance soon resumed its former gravity; and this gravity reached its height when, with dilated form, arched chest, and head thrown back, he began to speak. 'He had always served his majesty faithfully; each grade of honour had been to him only a step to the next; and he now stood before them distinguished by the gracious confidence of his monarch, as Special Commissary, with extended powers. Varied intercourse with the world and unusual experience had sharpened his intellects to that degree, that he could penetrate into the interior of men, and see through their character. At the first glance he could distinguish among the gentlemen assembled round him, which were the *seduced* and which the *seducers*.' At these words his eye moved slowly over the whole row, fixing upon some with a threatening pause, but always upon those to whom it was least appropriate, and then continued: 'His presence was, in fact, highly necessary; so lamentably had those who day and night deafen the ears of others with overstrained maxims of morality, neglected, or rather trampled under foot, their own holiest and most imperative duties, both as priests and as subjects. But disturbed order would soon be re-established; either by the mildness to which his philanthropic heart was always inclined, even when dealing with transgressors,—or else by the severity which he well knew how to exercise towards the stubborn.' He now opened the paper, and called upon them to listen to his majesty's commands. He then read a new admonitory discourse, and last of all the commands: *That the clergy should swear 'to break off all communication with the Bishop of Coire, to transfer their allegiance to the Bishop of Augsburg, and to obey unconditionally all royal ordinances, ratifying the promise by their signatures.'*

"The Town-Pfarrer Patscheider, who was first called upon for his acquiescence, gave this answer: 'As regards the first point, the Right Reverend Bishop of Coire has not yet made any *cession* according to those canonical regul——' 'Be silent!' cried the Special Commissary; 'your principles, like your language, belong to a century back. Sign!' The old man laid his hand on his heart, and said, 'It is impossible.' The other angrily made a sign to the secretary to note down the name of the refractory individual, and turned to the ecclesiastical advocate Lutz, who said, 'As to the second

point, the Lord Bishop of Augsburg has declined accepting the Tyrolese division of the diocese of Coire.' 'You are an audacious liar! It is you and the fanatical Purtscher who are the arch-seducers of your more simple brethren.' Lutz shook his head, and refused to sign. It was now the turn of the Benedictine Langes, rector of the Royal Gymnasium. 'Herr Special Commissary,' said he, 'a few hours ago I had the honour of informing you of my opinion; I now repeat publicly, that I concur in the sentiments expressed by the gentlemen that have preceded me, and only attach my signature to the third point, under the express reservation of paramount obedience to the Church.' 'You are not worthy of the trust reposed in you by the king; you have deceived the government! I had hoped this morning to have found in you an enlightened man and an obedient subject, and find instead—a mere benighted papist. I see my warnings have been fruitless.' Langes, again required to sign, answered, 'Against my conscience I cannot.' Ignatius Purtscher, sub-rector of the seminary, and brother of Godfrey, a man as firm as a rock, gave the cold reply: 'I consider any explanation to be superfluous; my principles are well known.' H—— looked at him scornfully, without speaking. Anthony Tappfer, professor in the Seminary, made a touching and convincing appeal. The answer was: 'You are a well-meaning and talented man; but there is no choice, of course, for a subject, when a monarch commands. Sign!' Michael, his brother, also professor in the Seminary, stepped forwards with warmth, saying, 'I am a Catholic priest, and would gladly shed my blood for the Church!' 'Antiquated prating!' muttered the Special Commissary, playing with the lace on his sleeve. The most aged of all, a private chaplain, clasped his withered hands together, and said in a tremulous voice: 'How could I commit such a sin, with one foot already in the grave?' 'Go to the devil, then!' exclaimed the Special Commissary, turning upon his heel. When, at the last, the Father Guardian was called upon, he appeared tractable and ready to sign, only begging permission to add certain conditions to each point, necessary for the satisfaction of his conscience. The Special Commissary was just going to storm, when his neighbour the Landrichter whispered a word aside which suddenly calmed him, and he answered: 'You may delay signing. We will talk it over.' Of the whole assembly, two only signed; one was a royal professor, the other well known for being a bad character. The undertaking, therefore, completely failed. The Special Commissary gave vent to the most unseemly abuse, and dismissed the assembled clergy, threatening to break the stubbornness that

would not bend. The Town-Pfarrer Patscheider, the counselor Lutz, and the three Seminarists, immediately received an intimation that they were to confine themselves to their respective houses.

"The most necessary arrangements were directly made. The Vicar Patscheider delegated his powers to the young and amiable Coadjutor von Karl. The same night, the three priests of the Seminary, amidst the abuse of the Protestant soldiers who escorted them, were carried towards the Vintsgau, and sent over the frontier into the Münsterthal. These had scarcely left the town, when an official and police-officer, furnished with lanterns, conducted Patscheider and Lutz through the streets in a covered carriage. Four soldiers surrounded the prisoners. They were taken to Botzen, from whence Lutz was immediately sent off to the Servite monastery at Innspruck, Patscheider some time after to the Seminary at Trent. An unprecedented excitement reigned among the inhabitants of Méran, and spread itself through the neighbouring peasantry.

"The Father Guardian had to make his appearance at the house of the Landrichter. H—— threatened him with the suppression of his convent, if he did not instantly sign the paper as it stood. The Father represented the impossibility of acquiescence, and implored his clemency. The crafty Landrichter proposed that the stipulations should be made only verbally in the presence of witnesses, and that the paper itself should be simply signed. Alarmed by their violence, he consented to use this subterfuge. He returned to the convent much disturbed, and acknowledged what he had done. The elder monks instantly gave notice that they must withdraw their obedience, unless he retracted without delay. The whole town was in a ferment at the startling intelligence of the Guardian's having signed; Langes expressed his most emphatic disapproval of the compromise; the young vicar already threatened him with suspension. At length, straitened on every side, he wrote a most unequivocal withdrawal of his signature, and despatched it to the Landgericht.

"The Special Commissary, whose triumphal car was thus suddenly laid in ruins, was almost raving; particularly as the same requisition, when sent to the clergy of the country round, had produced no more favourable result. The deputy Bishop, Vicar von Karl,* was soon discovered; and, to the great grief of the inhabitants, transported,—first to Botzen, and then to the Münsterthal on the border. Providentially enough, he had already fixed on a successor, in case of such a contingency. But as this latter also could not remain long concealed, an

* Now Bishop of Coire.

artifice was had recourse to: at the moment the existing vicar was summoned or carried off, he who had been designated as his successor came into office, so that each could declare upon oath, before the court, that he was not the vicar. Thus the episcopal delegate became, to the executive power, an invisible being. But so much the more harshly were those treated whose opposition was open. The Capuchin convent was attacked by night as if it were a den of robbers; the monks were dragged from their cells, and conveyed away, amidst all kinds of ill-usage, to different places of banishment. In all the country round, the priests were summoned before the courts, unfairly condemned, loaded with punishments, removed from their parishes, carried into imprisonment, and their places supplied by pastors appointed by the king. Thus, Professor K—— took possession of the parish of Méran.

“The fearful confusion was increased by the circumstance of the Vicar-General of Trent, a man who cringed to the wishes of the Bavarians, having, at the request of the government, *assumed episcopal authority over the neighbouring section of the diocese of Coire*. The new Pfarrer of Méran, an upright and learned man, but not sufficiently versed in ecclesiastical rights, allowed himself to be deceived into believing the administration of Trent legitimate, and collected around him a small number of clergymen of the same opinions. Thus was there a schism even among the clergy; and the government wished for nothing more ardently, than for the strengthening of this faction. But it suffered an unexpected defeat, and I had the good fortune to assist in bringing it about.”

“How was that?” asked Anthony.

“The Pfarrer, under whose care I had studied, had conceived a partiality for me, and when I was coadjutor at Rislian, we maintained friendly relations. I advised him to assemble the clergy, that the question at issue might be clearly determined, and if possible, the unity so necessary to us restored. After some consideration he consented. I myself went about from viddum to viddum to induce the pastors to appear at the residence of the state-appointed Pfarrer of Méran, although they did not recognise his authority. The assembly was numerous. The arguments adduced against the legitimacy of the pretensions of Trent were so decisive, that the nominal Pfarrer remained silent, as if stunned, for some time; and at length, bursting into a torrent of tears, exclaimed, ‘I have been deceived! I am an intruder, and no rightful pastor! I renounce it all!’ The most influential of the assembly endeavoured to soothe him, but without combating his resolution. The next day, the news of his suspension had spread through the town.

Bowed down with grief, he withdrew to St. Josephsberg, where he remained in solitude."

"Heaven be praised," said Anthony, "that he came to himself! That was a master-stroke of yours."

"There is no doubt that this undertaking was my greatest crime in the eyes of my opponent, although there is only a casual mention of it in the decree in which all my delinquencies were enumerated. Certainly the state-appointed clergy could not easily forgive me such a blow; for it was no secret that the meeting was brought about by my exertions. But this retreat of their leader by no means induced the other clergy to take the same step: the violent measures of the government inspire them with firmness; persecution still seeks fresh victims; the number of intruders is increased; the abbeys are suppressed, and their revenues confiscated; the hands of the Consistory are more and more shackled; the Church languishes in oppression; flocks without shepherds, and wolves in their midst; the fountains of the Sacrament sealed up, and living and dying vainly sighing after them. All, all that our Bishop had foretold at Innsbruck, is come to pass; and his words ring like a prophecy in our ears. Who could have conceived such a state of things possible?"

Lamenting thus, our fugitive and his companion had entered the gloomy shades of the mountain-forest. The voice of the speaker sounded hollow, and the old gigantic pines seemed to murmur in sympathy, sadly hanging their arms, as if mourning the unhappy times. No living creature was moving; not a breath of air stirred, not a twig trembled. Their footsteps sounded strangely in the death-like stillness, and silently they hurried through the tall trees, that stood like giant mummies. At length the daylight streamed more brightly upon them, and cool breezes fanned their brows. The priest hastened forwards, and soon resounded his cry, "The Meadow! the Blue Stone!" With deep emotion he beheld the flat smooth chalk rock, of a bluish-grey, on which he had so often sat, plaiting stalks of hemp for shepherds' whips, or weaving baskets, cages, &c. of birch and hazel twigs. He threw himself on his old resting-place, and was soon lost in reminiscences of his innocent childhood. Anthony stood by his side, his mind still occupied with the gloomy pictures that had been presented to it, and with thoughts of what was to follow.

At length Platzer recollected himself, and rose; he went forwards to the edge of the cliff, followed by Anthony, and looked down over the Saugalpe, in the direction in which he expected his friends to appear. As yet, no one was visible. The parting sun seemed to crown the mountains with gold,

while the rising breezes threw over those monarchs of nature the purple mantle of the evening clouds, and eagles swept by on broad pinion, to roost on their rocky sceptres. From the overwhelming contemplation of the distant and sublime, he was awakened by the many-sounded tinkling of bells, and the answering lowing of cattle. In crowded confusion, running and leaping, caressing and fighting, they moved over the green declivity down towards the smoking hamlets of the lovely plain; two herdsmen slowly followed, singing an evening hymn, of which the melody alone reached the ears of the listeners. He gazed after them, till they had disappeared below. And now all seemed so still and holy! Nature was celebrating her solemn evening rites; the soul of the priest was absorbed in her, drinking sweet oblivion, and lost in the eternal and infinite!

An involuntary sigh betrayed its return to the trammels of the present. "My dear Anthony," said he, "how strange to him who feels in the depths of his heart this solemn stillness, this holy peace of nature, seem the discord and violence that pervade human life here below!" Anthony was not a little rejoiced at the renewal of the conversation. "Herr Simon," said he, "this storm will pass over. I think the Bishop of Coire will yield us to another pastor, rather than suffer any longer this frightful division and neglect."

"The noble Karl Rudolph," replied Platzer, "has long wished to make this sacrifice for the sake of the general good. But according to the laws of the Church, no Bishop can give up his diocese and cede it to another, either in whole or in part, without the permission of the Pope; and the Holy Father has explicitly commanded, that not a single hair's breadth shall be yielded."

"I must suppose that the Holy Father acts well and wisely; but to speak candidly, I cannot explain to myself this inexorable firmness."

"The firmness of the Holy Father is by no means inexorable. Whenever the King of Bavaria applies to the Pope, his wishes, as far as possible, will be complied with. But Bavaria, doing homage to the spirit of the age, would fain ignore the Pope completely, and undertake and carry out, under his sole authority, ecclesiastical changes which ought only to be made with the permission of the Head of the Church. If the Pope were to give way, it would not be only this or that parish that would be deprived of its pastor, but *all Christendom that would lose the supreme head appointed by Christ*; for a chief pastor without authority is the same as no pastor at all."

"Ah, yes, I see it all now."

"You understand also, that the Holy Father forbade the

Bishop to yield, in order that the government, which could not have desired so fearful a disorder, might turn again to the chair of St. Peter. And this object will be attained."

"How? Has the Church, then, so near a prospect of returning peace?"

"Report says, that an agreement has been already come to; that we shall be transferred to Brixen; that the Bishop of Coire is to receive the thanks of the King for his voluntary renunciation, and to be indemnified for the loss of his revenues. But reports are never more deceitful than in troublous times. The clergy have not yet received from Coire any notification of so important an event. But even if the intelligence be true, peace and friendship between Church and State are not yet to be thought of. At all events, this single case of reconciliation would seem only the momentary outstretching of the hand of a drowning and implacable man to his hated foe, that he might be saved from the waves. If the State really thought of expiation, it would not give such crushing proofs of the contrary. Our best and wisest priests still lie imprisoned all around, from the distant frontier of Passau to the Italian Tyrol. Even as I now stand a fugitive on this mountain, others are flying elsewhere; and of all the rightful priests who still perform their sacred functions, none are secure for a moment. Acts of violence against rights and property are systematic and unchecked; and the principle of the unconditional supremacy of the State, both in temporal and spiritual things, is held so immovably firm, that the Bishop of Trent, who will not consent to take the oath concerning it, and indeed might not after the command of the Pope, has not received the wished-for permission to return home."

"What is to be wondered at most is the patience of the people," returned Anthony.

The priest leant his head confidentially towards him, and even on that solitary mountain his voice sank to a whisper as he said, "Between ourselves, Anthony, I fear, I fear that the outbreak will be only the more violent from its having been so long restrained."

"Then my forebodings have not deceived me; I have long thought that a rising was possible."

"The peasants in the neighbourhood of Méran, and especially in the Passeyer, hold secret meetings; they collect powder and cast bullets; their principal place of rendezvous is the inn at Sand; and the host himself has told me, that on all sides he is urged to place himself at their head and strike the first blow."

"I made acquaintance with that strange man at the last Latscher fair. At first sight I could not help laughing at his

extraordinary beard; but when I began to talk with him, I found him a sensible, upright, and honest man. We sold him twelve sheep; and when he had paid us, he invited us to take a glass of wine; and then the bearded Sandwirth was so friendly and cheerful, that he quite won our hearts; but he completely took to Peter."

"How so?"

"As we parted, I heard him whisper in his ear, 'My lad, be a good Christian and a brave man, and keep an Austrian heart.' Peter asked, 'Will any thing come of it?' 'We shall see,' said the other, and his eyes flashed fire. Since then, Peter thinks of nothing, day or night, but fighting."

At this moment, joyful shouts struck upon our wanderers' ears. "They come! they come!" cried Platzer, and both shouted in answer towards the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. They came nearer and nearer: "That is my cousin's voice!"

"Your cousin, Herr Simon?"

"Yes, my cousin from Morter, a student. He acts for us priests as a secret messenger; and, as I learnt from a notice received before my flight, he also was obliged to conceal himself." It was in fact the student; with him came Peter and a hunter. "Cousin, how is it that you are here? God greet you! welcome. Peter, you too!" Thus hastily greeting them, he shook hands with both; they seated themselves, and the student began to relate what had befallen him, and how he came to be there.

"When warned of my danger on the evening of Friday last by Herr D., I concealed myself in his house. Before day-break I hastened to Riffian, intending to join you in your flight. You were gone; but thinking that you might not be far off, I determined to wait and seek you. About service-time, fifty soldiers marched into the village; they were furious at not finding you either in the church or at the viddum, or elsewhere. They searched half Riffian, making their way into the houses, throwing every thing into confusion, and ill-treating the inhabitants. The officer who commanded the troop even caused the provost and the schoolmaster to be seized, and this proclamation to be made before the people: 'These two will be detained at Méran as hostages, until they give up the concealed Pfarrer.' All protested and declared, 'We do not know where he is.' It was in vain; they even manacled the two captives; and the party was just moving off, amidst the lamentations of wives and children, when the bearded Sandwirth made his appearance. The people thronged round his horse, relating their grievance. He rode instantly up to the

officer, and said to him gravely, 'Herr, what is the crime of these two men whom you are carrying away prisoners?' 'Ask your goat's beard, if you want to know,' answered the officer. 'By this same beard, then,' vehemently answered the Sandwirth, 'I swear, that if you do not let the men go free this instant, I will summon you at Méran, or if necessary, at Innspruck, and if I am not there heard, at Munich; and if it should cost me a thousand florins, I will not rest till you are punished for this conduct, so unworthy of an officer. We will see whether justice is to be had under the King of Bavaria, or whether we live in the midst of robbers and murderers. Think well what you are about; and if you should want to find me out, my name is Andrew Hofer, proprietor and host of the Sand, in the Passeyer.'

"The young officer started, exchanged some words with the old sergeant, and rode off. The latter made a sign to unbind the men and let them go. The soldiers drew off; men, women, and children surrounded the Sandwirth with joyful acclamations. 'Andrew, shall we not soon fall-to?' was shouted on one side. 'It is no longer to be borne!' was heard on another. The Sandwirth, still mounted, looked around, and asked if there were any strangers present; some of the people pointed to me, who was standing under a doorway. 'Ah,' said the Sandwirth, 'that is an honest student; I know him well.' I now came forward, and said that I myself was a fugitive. He drew out his purse, and pressed two kron thalers into my hand; he then turned to the crowd, and said, 'Dear brothers, I will confide a secret to you. We have sent to Vienna, to know of our good Emperor Francis, if it be his will that we should bear all this faithless and crying injustice in silence like martyrs, or whether we may not rise and shake off the yoke, and be again Austrian. If the Emperor commands it, we will be still; but if he permits us, we will strike a blow for our liberty. Is that right?' 'Yes, it is right! then we will strike a blow!' cried all. 'The Emperor Francis for ever!' shouted the Sandwirth; and waving his hat, he rode slowly away in the direction of the valleys, the crowd accompanying him a considerable way, with vivas for the Emperor."

"Indeed; every thing seems to foretel a fearful storm," remarked Platzer.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hunter; "then I shall shoot at French and Bavarians, instead of hares and chamois."

"I sought you in Kuens," continued the student, "and heard that you had gone towards Trent; I hastened homewards, and was not a little surprised at overtaking my father near Rabland."

"Singular rencounter!" rejoined the priest.

"We both set off after you, just as the soldiers appeared in Morter; I made my escape to the mountains, and inquired of an acquaintance of mine in Martell, where you were, and what you were going to do. If you will allow me, I will accompany you in your flight to the Grisons, and continue my studies at Coire."

"I am perfectly willing," replied the priest.

He now for the first time noticed more particularly the hunter; a tall strong man, wearing a grey jerkin with green facings, and a narrow-brimmed hat ornamented with chamois-hair and feathers.

"I think I ought to know you. Are you not Michael of the Peck-Veit?"

"Yes, I am; we used to go to school together. Ha! ha! I was not often to be seen there, it is true."

"Can you undertake to guide us over the mountains into the Grisons?"

"I know all the roads and passes of the Engadeinerberge as well as those of our own valley. I have been there already twelve times, to — ha! ha! to catch chamois."

"My child, that is theft. You must not do that again."

"It is no use talking; I cannot leave it off. So it is. If I were in hell, I should not be able to help shooting at a chamois, even between the very horns of the devil. It is true the father confessors always scold about it, and sometimes my conscience pricks me a little; but then I think again, 'Alfanzeri!* on the mountains all is free.'"

"My friend, we shall have time hereafter to discuss this matter."

Peter now presented the money to the priest, and greeted him from his family, and even from his mother.

"What do you say? From my mother? My mother?"

"She was sitting in the room with the others, and seemed perfectly herself; and when I told of you, how you had come to us as a Passeyer peasant, she smiled, rose, and brought me a glass of wine. When I was going away, she wept and said, 'Greet the Herr Simon from me! He must pray for me!'"

The priest flung himself into Peter's arms, and exclaimed, sobbing, "Oh, thanks, thanks for these blessed tidings! Oh, now will I joyfully wander away over ravine and mountain! Up, friends! do you not see how dark it is getting? Let us go to the neighbouring farmhouse of Blaseneck; I am well known there. We will take some refreshment together; and before

* Foolery, nonsense.

day breaks, we three will begin our journey, in the name of God."

All were already on their feet. The student sang, Peter huzzaed, the hunter whistled; the priest and Anthony followed in silence.*

Poetry.

THE ADDOLORATA.

BRIDE of heaven, why art so mournful,
Why agonised thy lip and eye?

"The hour is come, and soon again the vision
Shall be before me in the awful sky.

See His brow—what streaks its pallor,
Oozing like dew-frost slowly thaw'd?
Behold from palms and feet that dropping—
Momently dropping—blood of God!

Mark below the red pool, shaken
As with plashing from broad leaves
After thunder. Darkness thickens—
Lo! He moves—the faint breast heaves!

Half He riseth on the iron:
O my God, that cry of cries!
A muffled crush within the bosom—
'Tis the heart-burst—lo, He dies!"

Thus those three hours' wondrous dying
She beholds: and, icy calm—
Though with anguish faintly thrilling—
Droppeth blood from brow and palm.

Bride of heaven, wake from swooning:
He is in glory, cease thy pain.
"Ah! could you know the bliss of all my sorrow,
Dying with Him—with Him to live and reign!"

R. M.

* Platzer remained at Coire as professor, until, in 1809, he was again obliged to fly, on account of having sent supplies of ammunition into the Tyrol.

Reviews.

MORRIS ON THE INCARNATION. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT PREACHING.

Jesus the Son of Mary; or the Doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the Incarnation of God the Son considered in its bearings upon the Reverence shewn by Catholics to His Blessed Mother. By the Rev. John Brande Morris, M.A., sometime Petrean Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and now one of the Professors of Prior Park. London, Toovey.

THIS very remarkable work has suggested a reflection on which we cannot help dwelling for a brief space. It brings forcibly before the mind the contrast between the advantages possessed by the Catholic preacher, and those of the many usurpers of his office in the various sects of Protestantism.

We need not pause to attempt to shew how indescribably important is the function of preaching in the conversion and edification of the souls of all men. It is pre-eminently the mode in which the word of God is conveyed to the understanding, and by the Spirit of divine grace made to penetrate all the depths of the heart. While the greater part of mankind, whether Catholics or not, could not or cannot read, it is manifest that they must depend almost solely upon preaching, in some form or other, for their knowledge of the truths of salvation. And even taking the general education of the world at its highest possible point, still this great fact in human nature remains unaltered, namely, that the majority of persons *prefer* religious instruction and awakening from the mouth of a preacher to the very same teaching in the shape of a printed book. Whatever be the cause, the fact exists, that with the generality of men and women, old and young, the truths of religion make a more welcome and ready impression when heard than when quietly read. The exceptions to this rule are the few. Here and there, almost entirely among the classes who possess both high cultivation and abundant leisure, are to be found those to whom all sermons (except the very best) are an unedifying weariness. To the rest (supposing, of course, that they are tolerably interested in the subject of religion itself), a sermon is not only an agreeable thing, but by far the most efficacious existing instrument for the awakening, converting, instructing, and edifying the soul, in obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ. In the case of the thoroughly

poor, it is obvious enough that this must be the case. They have neither time nor inclination for reading, and often not books to read even when disposed. Oral teaching with them is every thing. But we believe that, in the classes above the poor, the average inability of men and women to *profit* by reading is much underrated. It is astonishing, when we look into it, to see how little the generality of readers enter into the meaning of a writer on any subject, and pre-eminently on such subjects as religion. They want to have the sense enforced upon them by all those aids which we express by the word "delivery," or "*actio*," as the Romans called it. They need the play of feature, the sparkling eye, the expressive gesture, the varying tone, the emphatic word, which are the ordinary accompaniments of natural, earnest preaching, to arouse and fix their attention, to elucidate the speaker's meaning, and to carry home his words to their hearts. All this may be, if we like to think so, very irrational, illogical, and derogatory to the nature of man as a reasoning and reflecting being; but so it is. Mankind generally both understand and feel what they hear better than what they read.

Accordingly, every sect of heresy has laboriously striven to avail itself of the influence of preaching to sway the souls of men, and to preserve their allegiance. The sect which has the best preachers carries the day amidst its competitors. Preaching created Methodism, Evangelicalism, and gave such popularity as it gained to Puseyism; and it is still the mainstay of these and all other denominations. And most curious and instructive it is to note the peculiarities of these ever-changing preachers of error, and to contrast their advantages and performances with those of the Catholic preacher of that true gospel which they in vain attempt to appropriate.

It is probably not too much to say, that every heresy wins its power over its followers' hearts by some perverted view of doctrines in themselves true and momentous. It is not so much the denial as the corruption of revealed truth which attracts and rules the souls of men. Those hideous monsters, the unredeemed creations of diabolical wickedness, which now and then glare across the moral firmament of social existence, blaze but to terrify and expire. They fascinate and destroy a few of the more wicked and reprobate; but they take no permanent place in the affections of mankind. When heresies flourish and endure, it is by virtue of the truths which they offer to famishing and ignorant souls, overlaid and apparently hidden amidst the unchristian falsehoods which constitute the heresy itself.

And thus, heretical preaching is ever found, when en-

during in its influence, to aim at some end which, to the ill-informed, *seems* most pure and Christian, and which often is, with all its distortions and frightful accompaniments, substantially a portion of the Catholic faith. In our own days this fact is strikingly manifest in the two great divisions in the Protestant body: the "High-Church," "Puseyite," or "Anglican;" and the "Evangelical," in its numerous modifications within and without the British and Irish Establishments. How these two vast classes at once embody and corrupt the revelation of Jesus Christ, will be at once evident from a glance at that revelation itself. Christianity, then, is a revelation of the relation in which man stands to his Creator, with such a manifestation of the divine nature and acts as is involved in the revelation of the will of God towards us his creatures. The knowledge of the relation in which man stands to Almighty God includes necessarily a knowledge of the links or instruments by which the soul is brought into that saving relationship with its Judge which it is the aim of every communion, whether Catholic or heretical, to work in its followers. Those links or instruments are practically two: faith and the sacraments. Whatever other conditions be really and necessarily associated with them, these two, popularly speaking, are the instruments of salvation. The first of these Evangelicalism puts forward; the second of the two is the fundamental principle and strength of Puseyism or Anglicanism. Each, it is true, perverts and maims the truth which it proclaims; but it is to the fact that faith and the sacraments *are* a portion of the revelation of Jesus Christ, that Evangelicalism and Anglicanism owe all the fascination with which they still beguile the souls of men.

Still more striking is this additional characteristic of *both* classes of heretics, namely, that He Himself, without whom faith is a delusion and the sacraments child's-play,—Christ Himself, the Redeemer, the life of his people, for whose glory alone both faith and the sacraments have received their powers, and who will not give his glory even to the ordinances of his own creation, or to the words which He has breathed among men,—He, we say, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, is practically dropped out of both of these false gospels alike; and millions and millions are called by his name, and make their boast in his words and his works, and *Him they know not*. However vigorously they may seize upon some portion of God's word, and with however little of adulteration they may occasionally succeed in presenting it to their minds, a fatal obstacle stands between them and God Himself; and the more passionately they may struggle to behold Him, and

know Him, and speak of Him, the more striking is their impotence, and the more fearful the errors into which they plunge.

Ask these different misbelievers themselves, indeed, and they will tell you that they alone know Christ, and have a zeal for Christ, and preach Christ; and they are as confident as of their own existence, that it is the one damning sin of "Popery" to dishonour and forget Christ. But pass from their professions to their deeds, and see how blindly they mistake a zeal for the *word* of God (interpreted by themselves) for a zeal for God; how they identify a knowledge of the way to approach Christ with a knowledge of Christ Himself; how what they call "glorifying Christ" means comforting themselves; how they value the doctrines of the gospel just in proportion as they derive a satisfaction from believing them; how, in short, they linger in themselves, in their own hearts, in their feelings, in their works, in the Bible, instead of dwelling habitually on that Divine Saviour Himself, to whom these means were designed to conduct them, and from whom they derive all their healing virtue and sacredness.

Such is Anglicanism, and such is Evangelicalism; each with its own peculiar substitution of the means of salvation for the source of salvation. Anglicanism upholds tradition, Evangelicalism the printed Bible; Anglicanism lauds good works, Evangelicalism faith; Anglicanism preaches "sanctification," Evangelicalism "justification;" Anglicanism turns to the sacraments, Evangelicalism to the inward feelings; Anglicanism prizes the doctrine of a final judgment, Evangelicalism the doctrine of the atonement; Anglicanism is for much prayer, Evangelicalism for much preaching; yet alike they dwell upon earth in their own souls, in their outward deeds, in the literal words of revelation, maintaining a galvanic, unhealthy, presumptuous, or desponding struggle with the world and sin; because (to say nothing of their need of grace itself) they can but catch glimpses of the face and glories of that Blessed One from whose countenance shines forth the light of his people, and the very momentary glimpse of whose sacred hand has ravished Saints into ecstasy, and filled them with triumphant power over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

We who are Catholics can understand how impotent must such preaching be to convert and perfect the soul, from imagining what would be the result of such a comparative oblivion of Christ and his Saints in Catholic preaching itself. Supposing a Catholic preacher, retaining of course his orthodoxy on all moral and sacramental subjects, were yet, without any mixture of positive error, nevertheless to neglect perpetually

to point out Jesus and Mary, and the whole choir of Saints and Angels, *themselves*, to his people. Supposing his teaching were confined, or nearly so, to dry or scolding expositions of the commandments of God and of the Church; to telling the poor they were not to get drunk, the rich they were not to talk scandal, with minute directions on all that they were to do and to think and to feel and to say, together with abundance of general disquisitions on abstract virtues, and controversial expositions of the truth of Catholicism, and the falsehood of Protestantism, and the absurdities of Protestants;—what, we say, would be the result in the minds of his hearers? Granting that all he taught them was good as far as it went, and necessary, and edifying, yet is it not evident that the soul of Catholic preaching would still be wanting? that his people must walk hesitatingly, tremblingly, inconsistently, and coldly in the Christian path? that they would be ever yearning with unsatisfied desires, ever wondering whether there were not some more glorious, more awful, more attractive, more subduing manifestation of their Saviour's love, to which they were as yet almost strangers? Would not they be painfully conscious that the world had a power over them which it ought not to have; that something was still needed to fill and vivify their inmost souls, in order to neutralise the fascinations of the world; to point their thoughts habitually to invisible things; to enable them to dwell in the presence of God; to console them amid dryness, sorrows, and mortifications; to transfigure the sacraments and ordinances of the Church with that radiant splendour which shines forth from the presence of God into every soul whose eye of faith is bright and not dim; would not the general course of their spiritual life be lukewarm, calculating, and frigid, in place of that fervent, generous, and joyful service which the gospel promises to all who accept it; would they not be distressingly fearful of the taunts of the worldly, of the ridicule of Protestants, of the secret snares of the devil? Would they not be continually puzzled and scandalised at the infirmities of Catholics, and the occasional disorders in portions of the Church? Would it be possible, in a word, to describe their habitual experience as that victory over self, and communion with God and his Saints, which, with all its pains and its toils, are the prerogatives of the Christian life when duly enlightened and generously sincere?

And what but the perpetual contemplation of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and all the Saints, not merely as subjects of thought, but as objects of love, could possibly work in the best-disposed Catholics this manly and vigorous interior life? Clearly nothing. We owe every thing to that manifold exhibition of the incarnate

Son and his elect now in heaven, which the most sincere and painstaking of Protestants attempt in vain. It is our adorable Saviour *Himself*, with the mysteries of his divine and human nature unfolded to our reverent study, with all the details of his sufferings, with all his present miracles of almighty love ceaselessly manifested around and within us;—it is that dear and spotless one who stands (if we may so say) between his own eternal majesty and us his ordinary creatures, Mary, his mother and ours, tender, loving, pure, unchanging, all-embracing in her sympathies, dwelling before her Son's throne in beatific vision, and ever mingling her prayers for us with her contemplation of His ineffable perfections;—it is our angel guardian, the happy messenger of love and aid to us in our necessities, ever present unseen alike in our joys, our sorrows, our good works, and our sins;—it is the whole host of Saints in glory, from the first martyr to the soul which has last passed into the Divine Presence, all retaining their affectionate interest in the Church yet militant, watching over certain spots, specially guiding certain communities or hearing certain petitions, brothers to us and sisters still, though removed from our scene of trial;—it is these that the Christian soul needs perpetually to have placed before its thoughts and feelings, with all that completeness of explanation, and fertility of illustration and winning unction of spirit, which is the characteristic of the preacher who is truly Catholic and Evangelical, and which will be sought for in vain in the preachers of Protestantism, however arrogantly they may claim for themselves these inalienable titles, however freely they may quote the words of holy Scripture, however vehemently or affectionately they may strive to move the hearts of those who trust in them.

The reason of this is twofold; it is partly a natural, and partly a spiritual reason. It is natural that the heart should be attracted and guided by being brought into contact with real existing objects on which its affections and reverence may rest, far more than by the most exact or urgent exposition of its mere duties, or of the doctrines (viewed merely as doctrines) which God has revealed. The soul cannot rest in herself, either in her thoughts, her works, her feelings, her knowledge, or her faith, even though all these be in the strictest obedience to the revealed will of God. She must go out of herself; she must study herself for the very purpose of going out of herself; she must incessantly turn from the word of God to God Himself; in every sacrament she must strive incessantly to behold Him who is the life of all sacraments. The heart and intellect refuse to yield up a complete obedience to

abstractions, or dogmas, or disquisitions, or rules for life; they must have an *object* to contemplate, to revere, to love, and to obey. They demand not only, as we have said, subjects for thought, but objects for love and obedience.

And the same truth holds good spiritually, in the order of grace as well as in the order of nature. Almighty God, let it never be forgotten, glorifies *Himself*, and Himself alone, in all his works. He redeemed us for His own glory, as well as in mercy to ourselves. The whole framework of our salvation has the divine glory for its object, as intimately as our regeneration and perfection. Every sacrament, every ordinance, every sentence of revelation is for the greater glory of God; and when we become so blind as to forget *Him* in his sacraments, his ordinances, or his words, then, though He will never break his promise or withdraw the grace He has attached to his institutions, still He will in a measure hide his countenance, and leave us to walk by the strength of our own powers and the light of our own understandings. It is by the manifestation of Himself in the Incarnate Son, and in another though equally real way, in the Mother of Jesus and in his Saints, that it pleases God to awake, to console, to strengthen, to enlighten the soul, and bear it safely through the sins and miseries of this state of trial.

Catholic preaching, therefore, being twofold,—embracing, first, careful and minute instruction in all the doctrines and duties of religion; and secondly, a presentation of the objects of faith to the affections, as living realities with which the soul is intended to hold perpetual communion, though invisible,—we should naturally expect to see the most extraordinary phenomena occasionally present themselves in all heretical attempts at the ministry of the word. And such is the fact. Here we see an extensive school, never rising beyond the detail of ordinary social duties, expounding week after week in monotonous humdrum a semi-pagan morality, interspersed with a few Christian phrases and a few well-worn texts of holy Scripture. Then comes an enthusiastic sect, striving by every stimulant to stir up the dormant emotions, by vehement appeals to the conscience, by exciting caricatures of certain Christian doctrines, and by unsparing attacks on amusement and relaxation both harmless and hurtful. Here is a preacher who keeps up in his hearers a diseased passion for self-contemplation, till their spiritual existence is reduced to a par with the physical life of the nervous hypochondriac, whose every bone aches with imaginary pains, and who can neither eat, drink, sleep, nor move in peace, from terror lest he increase his fantastic disorders. There is some outrageous fanatic who has caught a glimpse of

the great Catholic truth that it is by the contemplation of Jesus Christ Himself that the soul is led on to perfection, and who, untaught by Catholic doctrine and unrestrained by Catholic reverence, would fain hold up our adorable Saviour to the gaze and affection of his hearers, but in language and with sentiments utterly repulsive to true Christian affection and worship, and virtually contradicting those very doctrines which he imagines himself to be setting forth with all the orthodox ardour of an apostle. Disgusted, again, and keenly conscious of the heretical character of such exhibitions, side by side appears some learned Anglican, flying for refuge to an exclusive zeal for sacraments, ecclesiastical ordinances, Christian symbolism, bodily austerities, and all those portions of the Catholic faith which, because his fellow-religionists have forgotten them, he imagines to form nearly the whole, if not the whole, of the Christian revelation. It is the Catholic teacher alone who can preach *the whole gospel*; not morals alone, or sacraments alone, or doctrines alone; or morals, doctrines, and sacraments without Christ; he alone is not merely able to teach the truth, but the whole truth, that truth in which words are ever the symbols of realities, and knowledge is ever passing into faith, and faith is ever vivified by love, and the soul, by the very law of its regenerated being, habitually uses revelation as the means for approaching Him who is revealed, and Jesus and Mary are the objects of loving contemplation, the motives to action, and the end of every desire.

Such are the advantages of the Catholic preacher; and natural as it is frequently to remember them, when watching the shifting movements of misbelief amidst which it is our lot to live, they are recalled with more than usual force by the contents of such a book as Mr. Morris has just put forth. Here is a long, learned, elaborate, dogmatic treatise, expounding with remarkable originality, rare learning, and often with striking force of style and beauty of thought, those great truths which are the treasure-house of the Catholic preacher, when he would fulfil his task of presenting the Saviour of the world and his Blessed Mother to the meditation, love, and reverence of his children. Such a work from Mr. Morris's pen, if he had remained a Protestant, with all his learning, zeal, and industry, and granting him a more than ordinary measure of religious knowledge, would have been simply impossible. What would oriental and patristic researches, cultivated with whatever amount of sincerity, have done for him while he saw all things by the murky twilight of Anglicanism, and was paralysed by the traditions of Oxford? He must have spent his energies and acquirements on any thing rather than in writing on "Jesus

and Mary," and in treating on the Incarnation, not alone as the subject of controversial disquisition, but as the manifestation of God Himself to the understanding and affections of the human soul. Mr. Morris himself avows the change he has undergone in his own characteristic and forcible language.

"Enough has been done," he says, "to shew reasonable minds that we do not confuse Mary with God, or raise her to the dignity of a fourth person in the Trinity, if such an expression be admissible. At the same time it must be owned, that nothing will satisfy captious minds who dote upon words, and fancy when they have found an expression they can put their own meaning upon, that they have detected Catholics in a lie, and that after all they do make our Blessed Lady a goddess. To prevent any such uncharitable persons thinking I wish to escape their censures, I will boldly confess, if they please, that Mary is to me now more than God was to me when a Protestant. So bright is the light of God's presence in the Church, that it gives even to a darkened soul more exalted notions of a creature in it, than of the Creator out of it. This, of course, is a statement which can by no possibility be true of all God's attributes, as, for instance, of his creatorship or his avenging justice. Still it may be useful to have made it, in order to lead the persons just mentioned not to force words into a sense in which none but a madman could use them; useful, too, to lead them to reflect, by the aid of the materials now furnished them, in what respects the Creator can be contrasted with his creature, and how the greatness of his incommunicable attributes can be brought out by the majesty of those He is able to communicate."

And there is scarcely a chapter or a section in Mr. Morris's whole treatise which does not furnish some illustration of the difference between the power possessed by the Catholic to view the objects of revelation as realities, as distinguished from those feeble efforts, rarely advancing beyond mere intellectual knowledge, which we remark in conscientious Protestant writers. The non-Catholic reader, indeed, will be not unfrequently taken aback by Mr. Morris's style, and his mode of treating on the great doctrines of revelation. Men accustomed to identify vagueness of thought with reverence of feeling, and to esteem the Greek and Hebrew words of the Bible above the truths those words convey, will be staggered at the language of a man who has a more than ordinary share of the Catholic abhorrence of conventionalities. That which we see to be the result of common sense, learning, simplicity, and faith, will to those without the Church too often wear the aspect of familiarity and audacity.

At the same time, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Morris's book must make an *impression* upon every religiously-disposed

Protestant mind of the most beneficial character. It is not always that which apparently and at first scandalises the non-Catholic mind, which ultimately works it mischief. So far from it, we suspect the first approaches made by nearly every Protestant towards the truth result from some enforcement of Catholic doctrine which has at once puzzled him, agitated him, scandalised him, and arrested him. It was just so when our Blessed Lord declared to his followers that he would give them his flesh to eat. A vague, generalised, nicely-balanced, cautious, and enigmatical statement of the doctrine of the Real Presence, would probably have scandalised few or none; but neither would it have enlightened, attracted, and subdued the intellects and hearts of others. And so it ever is with Catholic preaching and Catholic writing. Many are amazed and driven backwards; but the few are drawn on, and exclaim to her who is now the voice of Christ, what the great Apostle himself answered to the question of his Master, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Just such, so far as we may venture to parallel the two cases, will be the natural result of the study of Mr. Morris's book. Intermingled with references, discussions, and dogmatic statements, appears that incessant reference to Jesus and Mary and all the Saints, as being real objects of faith, love, and reverence, which is to be found in Catholic writers alone. In his eyes and before his mind, God is God and not a creature; the human nature of Jesus Christ is a real human nature; Mary is the Mother of God in a true, actual, and intelligible sense, and not merely, as Protestants say, the mother of the man Christ Jesus. And hence, while some will be enlightened, others will be offended; while some will say, "What a marvellous, awful, mysterious, and divine religion that must be, which could so transform an Oxford critic and student of the Fathers!"—others will turn aside with haughty disgust, and cry out, "What odious, daring, and sacrilegious blasphemy!"

Of Mr. Morris's Catholic readers, few will rise from his pages without profit and delight, and none without an interest of a very peculiar character. That there will be differences of opinion as to some few parts of his book, is certain. Into its theological argument, however, we do not purpose to enter, nor to specify those points in which, whether justly or not, he will be subjected to animadversion. One only defect we cannot avoid referring to, and it is one which we think almost every reader will desire to see amended. We know that there are occasions on which a man's very simplicity of character and guileless purity of intention betray him into illustrations or modes of language which will shock the sensitiveness of his fellows in a

degree of which he himself is totally unconscious. Such, we are confident, has been the source of an occasional passage in Mr. Morris's pages, which we earnestly trust to see omitted in a future edition. Many things are true, which it is quite needless to state; and many things are possible, which it is quite dreadful and painful to imagine. For instance, the language which Mr. Morris has put into the mouths of the blaspheming multitude at the Crucifixion, however possible or likely, is such that few Christians could read it without feelings which Mr. Morris would be the last to wish to arouse.

With these reservations, then, we hasten to offer our warm thanks to Mr. Morris for his labours. That they will be highly appreciated by those most competent to judge them, we have no doubt; and the Catholic reader will rise from their perusal with the conviction that few works have ever appeared from an English Catholic pen combining so much learning, vigour, and occasional grace and beauty of style, with so devout and ardent a love for our Blessed Redeemer and his immaculate Mother.

We conclude with some brief extracts, as examples of Mr. Morris's power of philosophic and dogmatic exposition. They are taken from a most interesting chapter *On the experimental knowledge in Christ's soul*.

"If we suppose an Angel, for illustration's sake, to have a body given to him, it is clear that he would have a set of new channels of communication with the visible world given to him in the senses of the body: it is unnecessary and unnatural to suppose that he would forfeit those powers of seeing houses, lands, trees, flowers, animals, and the rest, which he had antecedently to his supposed incarnation. Whatever influence this latter knowledge might exercise upon the former, it would not certainly destroy it, or prevent its free agency. Touch, and sight, and the rest, are sensations of which Angels have no experience such as we have; but an Angel if incarnate would become capable of such experience. Or, to put the thing in a less hypothetical light: those who believe the Apocalypse believe that there are in heaven now certain spirits which have come out of great tribulation, whether here or in purgatory we need not now discuss. Now we must suppose them to be able to see the flesh of Christ in heaven, and our Lady's flesh, and St. John's flesh, and any flesh we may imagine rightly or wrongly to be there, without having any fleshly eyes to see them with. But at the Resurrection they will have such eyes, and consequently will see Christ in an additional and different manner. We can imagine their bodies prostrate while adoring the Lamb, in such way that the use and exercise of seeing Him with the eyes of the flesh should be suspended; but we cannot imagine the eyes of their mind to be ever taken off the flesh which redeemed them. This again, if not

altogether acceptable, may serve to bring before us the fact, that an experimental knowledge can be separated from a habitually infused one. It is an illustration, and as such necessarily partial; it seems, as far as it goes, to limit experimental knowledge to knowledge gained through the senses, which is an inadequate idea of it. But it is adduced not as the most perfect conceivable illustration, but yet as one which will serve to shew one point in regard to experimental knowledge; and that point is, that it is capable of an existence independent, both in its origin and in its continuance, of infused and immutable knowledge.

“It is moreover undeniable, that the accumulation of knowledge through the senses is an ingredient in our idea of human nature; we cannot readily conceive full-grown human nature to be human nature at all, if we take out of it this element. Consequently that particular experimental knowledge which we gain in this manner, will, if ascribed to Christ, prove undeniably his capacity for experimental knowledge; even supposing there were no ascribing to Him such mental sensations as fear, wonder, anger, compassion, and other things of which the mind may have experimental knowledge, irrespectively of the senses; still the use Christ made of the senses would prove his capacity for experimental knowledge. Hence when his eyes were closed in sleep, it might be said that he could not see; neither did he hear the noise of the storm about him, neither did he feel the wind and the spray; it might be argued from this, that he had a real human sleep, which is the function of a real human soul when *in* the body, with the body, and not without it; and therefore from this sleep it might be concluded that Christ had several attributes of real human nature. If this sleep, then, made upon the disciples some false impressions as to the state of Christ’s soul, unquestionably it made some true ones. Christ was undoubtedly in full and perfect knowledge of the danger He was in, if by knowledge we mean that infused knowledge which his soul possessed unchangeably; but if we mean that experimental knowledge which results from the senses and the present use of them, this was suspended. And this will lead us to reflect, how in other cases also Christ may have created impressions which were true, not barely because He had human nature, but also more particularly because He had certain attributes of that nature.

“It is desirable to consider also, how far Christ earned experimental knowledge with his soul, either as taken conjointly with the body or as taken without it; an instance of the former is, when He not merely felt but endured pain; an instance of the latter is, when He felt compassion or learnt obedience by mental sufferings and separate acts of resignation. But before passing on to this, it is as well to observe, what an important part the senses play in the acquisition of certain habits of a very durable character. Thus arts are certain productive *habits*, and last up to death, and, for all we know, leave some impression on the soul beyond death. Certainly people are able to issue from these habits energies according to

them, long after they have suspended the continuous use of these habits. Thus St. Peter's skill in fishing, or St. Paul's in tent-making, were habits which remained in their soul, and which probably they could have acted according to, up to the day of their death. These habits were habits acquired through the medium of the senses. Out of this a question may be raised in regard to our Blessed Saviour himself: the habit of skill in carpentry, which He gained during thirty years' *experience*, more or less—what became of this, it might be asked? did it continue in his human soul, so that by virtue of it He could have done acts according to it even after his Resurrection? This is brought in here not merely as an amusing speculation, which it would be indeed irreverent to raise about God incarnate, but to bring out very strongly the possibility of experimental knowledge in that divine soul; to strike the reader forcibly with the relation of such knowledge to habits, and to get clearly before us one portion both of the induction from which such relation is to be learnt, and of its difficulties, before we proceed to another. * * *

"This is further illustrated by the belief in tutelary saints, which has been universally held in the Church. Such a belief implies, that the saints retain habits of affection towards the particular places, studies, virtues, devotions, and religions, for which they had an attachment while upon earth. It would be as idle to say this is a piece of paganism imported into the Church, as it would be to say that the belief in future punishment is an importation of that nature. Both the one and the other are parts of natural religion. To suppose St. John up to his dying day to take the greatest interest in chastity, and to be willing as long as he was upon earth to assist any body who had to acquire that virtue, but to lose this willingness directly he got into the presence of God, is so strange a perversion, or rather so utter an annihilation of every principle laid down by Butler in treating of habits, that no one would maintain it but an atheist. And what may be said of one virtue may be said of another. To imagine, again, that St. Cyril takes no more interest now in the doctrine of the Incarnation and those who study it than Justin Martyr, or St. Augustine in those who study the doctrine of grace than St. Cecilia, is too ridiculous a rejection of the doctrine of habits to be maintained by any one capable of sober reflection. And the same, with certain alterations and limitations, might be said of the other things just mentioned. Dives, as a modern Socinian, might be full of natural benevolence to those about him, and he kept that benevolence in hell: are the saints to lose the virtuous habits they have formed, or the affection to certain mysteries they have had on earth, because they are gone to heaven? Has St. Augustine no more interest in the clients of St. Monica as such than in those of St. Theresa? But 'this way of putting things plainly supposes' the habits of the saints 'to remain even in a future state.' What we see in the saints, that we may use as a help towards knowing what is the case in the Saint of saints."

With these remarks compare the following from the chapter *On the Resurrection*:

“ It has been supposed that Mary had a habit of influencing Jesus authoritatively, which would remain in her even after death. If this be so, it is obvious to see that the prayers of Mary, directed even to her glorified Son, would be wholly and entirely distinct from that of any other saint or angel. For to which of the saints or angels said He at any time, *Thou art my mother?* He had taken in his human nature a capacity for being a little lower than angels, and for reverencing the memories of the saints; yet that reverence being done by a human nature in perfect union with the Divine Essence, was absolutely perfect in its kind. He had taken also a capacity for being subject to his parents. If his human nature enabled Mary to command Him, his divine enabled her to pray to Him: the oneness of his Person prevented her commanding without respect, or praying without authority. She had given Him the nature over which she bore sway as a mother; but it was in so perfect union with the divine nature that she could hardly sever reverence for the Person from her acts of authority, or authority from her acts of reverence. She acquired an indirect authority with the divine nature of her Son, through the human nature which she had furnished to it. This authority she had exercised so often, that it must have left a habit in her, as Jesus’s submission must have left a habit in Him. The circumstances of both were changed; yet a habit of some kind must have remained, from thirty years’ mutual relationship as Mother and Son, in either of them. This habit would issue in acts so far as circumstances permitted.

“ The thing which is without any parallel in any other being may yet admit of the following illustration. St. Monica prayed for nine years long for her son’s conversion; at last she obtained it, and became his mother after the spirit as well as after the flesh. Nobody would say St. Monica was as great a saint as St. Augustine; nevertheless, he owed her a debt of gratitude which he felt habitually—which feeling was a habit to him. We may conceive this habit to exist even in a future state, even in heaven; we may conceive St. Augustine to look with a respectfulness to his mother, which would make him willing to pray for any thing for which she prayed, with a willingness resulting from that gratitude. He owes his life, natural and supernatural, to her; a sense of justice would be enough to make him pay attention to her requests, even if we could suppose charity to leave heaven for a while. Of course, this is in no sort an exact counterpart to the case of Jesus and Mary; still it is a help towards conceiving that intermixture of authority which the prayer of a mother must carry with it even in Mary’s case. This is what I have called authoritative influence with Jesus. As Augustine is a greater saint than Monica, yet has a sort of reverence for her wishes even now; so Jesus, though greater than Mary, may yet continue to have dutiful attentiveness to her prayers. Of course the difference

between Augustine and his mother is a finite one, the difference between God and his Mother an infinite one. Still, the difference between the saints is a step on which we may stand to get an easier glimpse of God and the Queen of Saints; the relationship of these may be in some measure conceived through the instrumentality of the relationship of the former."

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

1. *Ireland Sixty Years ago.* Dublin, M'Glashan.
2. *George Robert Fitzgerald, his Life and Times.* Dublin, M'Glashan.

It is difficult to believe that a few years ago we paid eightpence for sending a letter from London to Brighton. It is difficult to believe that the other day Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was nobody. For a person who has been converted to Catholicism, it is difficult to believe that he ever regarded the Protestant Establishment as any thing but an imposture. Our perceptions of to-day are in fact so vivid, that it is difficult to believe that the world without, and our thoughts within us, were not always precisely identical with what they are at this present hour.

But of all the nearly incredible changes which modern days have seen, there are few more astonishing than that which has passed over the social state of the upper and middle classes of Ireland. The change in England has been immense, but it is in some respects a trifle compared with that which Ireland has undergone. Those, in truth, who put their trust in the *Times*, and the rest of the journalist brotherhood, are disposed to look back with wistful eyes upon the blessed days of Protestant supremacy, when "Primate Cullen" (as they call him) was not, and the Synod of Thurles was yet in the womb of futurity. "Those," they say, "were happier hours, ere a blind liberalism had learnt to tolerate the excesses of a knowledge-hating, seditious priesthood; when the Romish Sacraments were administered in holes and corners, and pure scriptural doctrine and morality held at least an undisputed pre-eminence among the great, the noble, and the wealthy in the land. Then were the abominations of the confessional restrained within comparatively due limits; then were there no assassinations and bloody outrages; then was the peaceful happy rule of pious Protestant England as productive of prosperity and civilisation as it was irresistible in its power. A Dr. M'Hale was an impossibility in those times; the same sober, steady,

business-like prosperity, which has so long been our treasure in England, under the sway of Biblical Christianity, was then in its measure ensured to the sister kingdom, by the unresisted predominance and benignant guidance of the sister establishment for the promotion of the same Biblical Christianity."

We should not anticipate much success from any efforts to enlighten the ordinary English mind as to the true condition of the Ireland of our grandfathers' days, or as to the real causes of the troubles which still prey upon her prosperity. It is hard enough to get an Englishman to believe that his own island was ever less comfortable, peaceable, moral, or prosperous than in this halcyon era. He thinks that from time immemorial his streets have been clean, his rooms carpeted, his roads safe from highwaymen, his dinner-tables free from drunkenness, his fields unstained by duelling, his playhouses decent in their representations, his conversation pure of blasphemy and obscenity, his universities seminaries of morals and learning; and England, in short, in every respect, as Lord Shaftesbury told an admiring audience the other day that it was on the very point of becoming, "the model nation" of mankind. And still harder is it to get the true votary of the nineteenth century to look back for two or three generations in the history of another country, and compare its past facts with the facts of to-day, that he may do it *justice*, and admit that, rapid as has been his own progress to the perfection of civilisation (as he believes), there are others who have advanced with at least an equal speed, and who have triumphed over obstacles still greater than those which he has himself surmounted.

Yet it is a fact, that an outward change has taken place in the fabric and manners of European society of the most striking description, within the memory of persons now alive. What may have been its origin, and how far it is a genuine and deep, and not a deceptive and superficial improvement, we are not now discussing. The fact is certain, that in our own country, and in many countries on the Continent, so remarkable has been the change, that were we now transported suddenly backwards, and thrown into the midst of that society in which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were born and educated, we could scarcely believe that ideas and habits could be revolutionised with such astonishing rapidity.

And if any one country could claim pre-eminence over the rest in the speed with which it has thrown off the pernicious habits of a past generation, that country is Ireland. While angry, haughty Protestantism is groaning over the mischievous influences of resuscitating Catholicism in that long-suffering land, there is not a more certain historical truth, than that

the misdeeds perpetrated when Protestantism was rampant were so outrageous as to be scarcely credible to a peaceable and decent generation. The *result* is before the eyes of us all. The Encumbered Estates Commission is the natural consequence of the flagrant immoralities which were the very boast of a large part of the "better classes" of Irish society, when the penal laws had wrought their full measure of tyranny, and the persecution of "the bloody Papists" was accounted an atonement for the violation of every duty towards God and man.

Two little books have been recently issued in one of the numerous series of the day, which will at once amuse the reader, and instruct him as to the real weight to be attached to the popular Protestant boasting with which his ears are deafened from every side. *Ireland Sixty Years ago* and the *Life and Times of George Robert Fitzgerald* present as curious and pregnant a collection of anecdotes as we remember to have seen in any publication of similar pretensions. The author is a liberal Protestant of the ordinary type; but he does not often obtrude his personal sentiments on his readers, and he writes with very genuine abhorrence of the outrages which he chronicles. We shall extract a few of his stories, by way of consolation for those who believe that what with Emigration, the Encumbered Estates Court, the Tenant League, and the Catholic University, Ireland is going headlong to inevitable ruin.

Take, for a commencement, a sample or two of the doings in Trinity College, Dublin, the nursery of Protestantism pure and undefiled:

"The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate, or even be seen, with an honest merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters. The students of Trinity College were particularly prone to join in the affrays between the belligerents, and generally united their forces to those of the Liberty boys against the butchers. On one occasion several of them were seized by the latter, and, to the great terror of their friends, it was reported that they were hanged up in the stalls, in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond Market; there they saw a frightful spectacle—a number of college lads in their gowns and caps hanging to the hooks. On examination, however, it was found that the butchers, pitying their youth and respecting their rank, had

only hung them by the waistbands of their breeches, where they remained as helpless, indeed, as if they were suspended by the neck."

"Another striking instance of this laxity of discipline in the University occurred in the case of a printer of the name of Mills. He was publisher of the *Hibernian Journal*, and had incurred the anger of the students by some severe strictures on certain members of the college which appeared in his paper. On the 11th of February, 1775, some scholars drove in a coach to his door, and called him out on pretence of bargaining for some books. He was suddenly seized, thrust into the coach, and held down by the party within, with pistols to his head, and threats of being shot if he made any noise. In this way he was conveyed to the pump; and, after being nearly trampled to death, he was held there till he was almost suffocated—indeed he would have expired under the discipline, but for the prompt interference of some of the fellows. This gross outrage in the very courts, and under the fellows' eyes, which ought to have been visited by the immediate expulsion of all concerned, was noticed only by a mild admonition of the board to a single individual; the rest enjoyed a perfect impunity, and openly exulted in the deed. The form of admonition actually excused the act. It was drawn up by the celebrated Dr. Leland, the historian of Ireland. It commenced in these words: 'Cum constet scholarium ignotorum cœtum injuriam admisisse in typographum quendam nomine Mills, qui nefariis flagitiis nobiliora quæque collegii membra in chartis suis laccessivit,' &c.

"The theatre was the scene of many outrages of the college students. One of them is on legal record, and presents a striking picture of the then state of society. On the evening of the 19th of January, 1746, a young man of the name of Kelly, a student of the University, entered the pit much intoxicated, and, climbing over the spikes of the orchestra, got upon the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, and insulted some of the females there in the most gross and indecent manner. As the play could not proceed from his interruption, he was taken away, and civilly conducted back to the pit; here he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself with pelting the performers. Mr. Sheridan was then manager, and he was the particular object of his abuse and attack. He was suffered to retire with impunity, after interrupting the performance and disturbing the whole house. Unsatisfied by this attack, he returned a few nights after with fifty of his associates, gownsmen and others. They rushed towards the stage, to which they made their way through the orchestra and across the lights. Here they drew their swords, and then marched into the dressing-rooms in search of Mr. Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust the points of their weapons through the chests and clothes-presses, and every place where a man might be concealed,—and this they facetiously called *feeling* for him. He had fortunately escaped; but the party proceeded in a body to his house in Dorset Street, with the murderous determi-

nation of stabbing him, declaring, with the conspirator in *Venice Preserved*, 'each man might kill his share.' For several nights they assembled at the theatre, exciting riots, and acting scenes of the same kind, till the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted. He then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank, and the terror those 'bucks' inspired, that the general opinion was, it would be impossible that any jury could find a *gentleman* guilty of an assault upon a *player*. A barrister in court had remarked, with a sneer, that he had never seen a 'gentleman player.' 'Then, sir,' said Sheridan, 'I hope you see one now.' Kelly was found guilty of a violent assault, sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and, to the surprise and dismay of all his gentlemen associates, sent to Newgate.

"Sometimes students, in other respects most amiable, and on other occasions most gentle, were hurried into those outrages by the overruling spirit of the times, and a compliance with its barbarous usages. Among the lads at that time was a young man named M'Allister, whose fate excited as much pity as execration. He was a native of Waterford, and one of the young members of the University most distinguished for talent and conduct. He supped one night at a tavern with a companion named Vandeleur; and they amused themselves by cutting their names on the table, with the motto *quis separabit*. Issuing from thence in a state of ebriety, they quarrelled with a man in the street, and, having the points of their swords left bare through the scabbards (a custom then common with men inclined for a brawl), ran him through the body in the course of the fray. They were not personally recognised at the time; but the circumstance of carving their names on the table was adverted to, so they were discovered and pursued. M'Allister had gained his rooms in college, where he was speedily followed. He hastily concealed himself behind a surplice which was hanging against the wall, and his pursuers, entering the instant after, searched every spot except the one he had chosen for his superficial concealment. They tore open chests and clothes-presses, ran their swords through beds, but without finding him; and, supposing he had sought some other house of concealment, they departed. On their retreat, M'Allister fled on board a ship, and escaped to America, where he died."

How the more quiet portion of the world ever tolerated the excesses of the scoundrels called, as in England, "Bucks," is to our more rational generation incomprehensible. Conceive such proceedings as the following in the London or Dublin of to-day:

"Some of the Bucks associated together under the name of the Hell-fire Club; and among other infernal proceedings, it is reported that they set fire to the apartment in which they met, and endured the flames with incredible obstinacy, till they were forced out of the

house; in derision, as they asserted, of the threatened torments of a future state. On other occasions, in mockery of religion, they administered to one another the sacred rites of the Church in a manner too indecent for description. Others met under the appellation of 'Mohawk,' 'Hawkabite,' 'Cherokee,' and other Indian tribes, then noted for their cruelty and ferocity; and their actions would not disgrace their savage archetypes. Others were known by the *sobriquet* of 'Sweaters and Pinkindies.' It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords, which every one then wore, and prick or 'pink' the persons with whom they quarrelled with the naked points, which were sufficiently protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to 'Bucks' going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair elaborately dressed and powdered. The disappointment of a barber was therefore a sentence of exclusion from a dinner, supper-party, or ball, where a fashionable man might as well appear without his head as without powder and pomatum. When any unfortunate *friseur* disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for his delinquency.

"There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called 'Lucas's,' where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning-gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for his supposed insolence. On one occasion,—an old gentleman who witnessed the transaction informed us,—a plain man of genteel appearance crossed the room for a newspaper, as one of the Bucks of the day was passing, and touched the prohibited train accidentally with his foot. The sword of the owner was instantly out, and, as every one then carried a sword, the offending man also drew his, a small tuck, which he carried as an appendage to dress, without at all intending or knowing how to use it. Pressed upon by his ferocious antagonist, he was driven back to the wall, to which the Buck was about to pin him. As the latter drew back for the lunge, his terrified opponent, in an impulse of self-preservation, sprung within his point, and without aim or design pierced him through the body. The Buck was notorious for his skill in fencing, and had killed or wounded several adversaries. This opportune check was as salutary in its effects at the coffee-house as the punishment of Kelly was at the theatre."

Duelling, of course, was universal.

"No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had 'smelt powder,' as it was called; no barrister could go circuit till

he had obtained a reputation in this way ; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels ; and many men of the bar, practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit and the number of duels they had fought. Some years since, a young friend, going to the bar, consulted the late Dr. Hodgkinson, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, then a very old man, as to the best course of study to pursue, and whether he should begin with Fearné or Chitty. The doctor, who had been long secluded from the world, and whose observation was beginning to fail, immediately reverted to the time when he had been himself a young barrister ; and his advice was—‘My young friend, practise four hours a day at Rigby’s pistol-gallery, and it will advance you to the woollack faster than all the Fearnés and Chittys in the library.’”

This, we think, quite inimitable. The pupils were worthy of the teaching.

“Among the barristers most distinguished in this way was Bully Egan, chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Dublin. He was a large, black, burly man, but of so soft and good-natured a disposition, that he was never known to pass a severe sentence on a criminal without blubbering in tears. Yet he, perhaps, fought more duels than any man on or off the bench. Though so tender-hearted in passing sentence on a criminal, he was remarkably firm in shooting a friend. He fought at Donnybrook with the Master of the Rolls, before a crowd of spectators, who were quite amused at the drollery of the scene. When his antagonist fired, he was walking coolly away, saying his honour was satisfied ; but Egan called out he must have a shot at ‘his honour.’ On his returning to his place, Egan said he would not humour him, or be bothered with killing him, but he might either come and shake hands, or go to the devil. On another occasion he fought with Keller, a brother barrister. It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume their business in a more peaceable manner. Such an instance occurred at the assizes of Waterford. Keller and Egan fell out on a point of law, and both retired from court. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat, to gain the county of Kilkenny. Harry Hayden, a large man, and a justice of peace for the county, when he heard of it, hastened to the spot, and got in between them just as they were preparing to fire. They told him to get out of the way, or they would shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of the peace. They told him if he was St. Peter from heaven, they would not mind him. They exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally understood ; and they found the bench, jury, and spectators quietly expecting to hear which of them was killed.”

One of the most notorious fighters was Pat Power, of Da-

ragle, a fat, robust man, much given to drinking. Here we have him on the English side of the water:

“When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman’s compliments, and a request to know what o’clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

“On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him ‘they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other.’ The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.”

Still more detestable were the abductions of young women of fortune, carried off and forced into marriages for the sake of their money. There existed in the south of Ireland an “abduction club,”

“The members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any mem-

bers. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits; and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life."

The extent of the carousals of our ancestors, even on the less excitable side of the Channel, is a matter of astonishment in an age when drunkenness and blasphemy are no longer the fashion; but the palm of *originality* in debauch must be given to the more lively Irish drinker.

"Sir W. Petty, who wrote in the year 1682, when Dublin contained but 6025 houses, states 1200 of them were public-houses, where intoxicating liquors were sold. In 1798, in Thomas-street, nearly every third house was a public-house. The street contained 190 houses, and of these 52 were licensed to sell spirits. Among the upper classes the great consumption was claret; and so extensive was its importation, that in the year 1763 it amounted to 8000 tuns, and the bottles alone were estimated at the value of 67,000*l*. This fact is detailed by honest Ratty, the Quaker historian of the county of Dublin. Such were the convivial habits of the day, and so absorbed were the people in the indulgence, that the doctor recommended that port should be substituted in its place—'because,' said he, with quaint simplicity, 'it would not admit so long a sitting—a great advantage to wise men in saving a great deal of their precious time.' In fact, the great end and aim of life in the upper classes seemed to be convivial indulgence to excess. The rule of drinking was, that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to *stand*, and then he might depart if he could *walk*.

"If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone; and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda-water bottle, the only contrivance in which they could stand being at the head of the table, before the host; stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once and pass the bottle to his neighbour, on peril of upsetting the contents on the table. A still more common practice was to knock the stems off the glasses with a knife, so that they must be emptied as fast as they were filled, as they could not stand. Sometimes the guests, as they sat down, put off their shoes, which were taken out of the room, and the emptied bottles were broken outside of the door, so that no one could pass out till the carouse was over.

"Such orgies were not occasional, but often continued every night, and all night long. A usual exhortation from a father to his son was, 'Make you're head, boy, while you're young;' and certain knots of seasoned drinkers who had succeeded in this insane attempt were called *κατ' ἐξοχήν* the 'heads,' from their impenetrability to the effects of liquor. It was said that 'no man who drank ever died, but many died learning to drink;' and the number of victims who fell in acting on this principle was an appalling proof of the extent of this practice—most families could point to some victim to this premature indulgence.

"An elderly clergyman of our acquaintance, on leaving home to enter college, stopped on his way at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sank under the table. In the morning he was, of course, deadly sick, but his host prescribed 'a hair of the old dog,' that is, a glass of raw spirits. On one night he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of 'stole away' was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the cart before and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the *sensible* survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day."

"Innumerable are the anecdotes which might be collected to illustrate the excessive indulgence in drink, now fortunately wholly exploded from all classes. Sir Jonah Barrington has recorded some in which he was an actor, which are so highly characteristic, that we cite two of them, though perhaps already known to most of our readers. Near to the kennel of his father's hounds was built a small lodge; to this was rolled a hogshead of claret, a carcass of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company when inclined to sleep, and all the windows were closed, to shut out the light of day. Here nine gentlemen, who excelled in various convivial qualities, were enclosed on a frosty St. Stephen's day, accompanied by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds, to join in the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which twelve game-cocks were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Thus for seven days the party were shut in, till the cow was declared cut up, and the claret on the

stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices, and drank in tumblers to their next merry-meeting. The same writer describes a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were recently plastered, and the mortar soft. At ten on the following morning some friends entered to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep, in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes, bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. On the floor lay the piper on his back, apparently dead, with the tablecloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him, burned down to the sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep with their heads close to the soft wall; the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties, by the loss of half their hair and a part of the scalp."

In the general crowd certain individuals naturally stood out especially prominent, and became quite universally celebrated for their atrocities. Such were "Tiger Roche" and George Robert Fitzgerald, commonly called "Fighting Fitzgerald." This man was nephew to the notorious Harvey Earl of Bristol, a Protestant bishop, whose conduct was a scandal even in those days. His father was a "gentleman" of ancient lineage and infamous character, and George Robert's education fanned the flame of passion which he inherited from both sides of his parentage. His life, up to the time of his execution for murder, is one series of the wildest and maddest outrages, relieved by an occasional touch of justice and good feeling. All through his career, too, he was faithful to his wives, of whom he married two. What he was to others may be judged from his conduct at his first wife's funeral.

"The constitution of this admirable woman was undermined by her daily anxieties for her fondly-beloved but most uncertain husband, whose levities, quarrels, and wild doings kept her in continual alarm, shattered her nervous system, and gradually led her to the grave. She died in the bloom of beauty and of youth, lamented deeply by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, leaving a daughter, the sad survivor not only of her mother's untimely departure, but of her father's ignominy. Fitzgerald's grief on this occasion was extravagant, as was every other passion of his mind; it would have been well had he remained as he was under this bereavement, even frantic. His wife had directed that her remains should be interred in the family vault at Celbridge. George Robert not only determined to accompany the funeral, but insisted that his infant daughter, with all his servants, male and female, should attend the procession.

"While this long and slow journey from Mayo to the county

Kildare was proceeding, during most inclement weather, Fitzgerald still shewed his characteristics. Having occasion to halt one night at an inn, he ordered the coffin to be brought up to his own room, that he might wake and weep over it during the night. To this the inn-keeper, who was a superstitious man, objected, as it was unlucky to let a *foreign* corpse into a house. The refusal at once roused Fitzgerald into a fury; he drew his sword, and it was well that Boniface was able to escape before he was turned into a second corpse that was to lie in the house that night.

"The obsequies being over, Fitzgerald returned to Mayo; and now his conduct became daily more and more extraordinary. He took up a passion for hunting by night. To his dogs, who followed their noses, it was all one whether they pursued fox or hare by day or night; but George Robert *must* have a number of servants well mounted, and carrying flambeaux to shew him the way of the hounds; and so on he went, like Burger's wild huntsman, over drain and wall, moor and mountain, alarming and astonishing the people, who supposed that hell was broken up, and devils had adjourned to the earth. On this occasion the priests actually had recourse to exorcisms for driving away demons, and money was paid for masses to be said to relieve suffering souls from this diabolical pursuit. But by and by the people got accustomed to the nocturnal tally-ho, and mothers would appease their children, when awoke at night by the cry of men and dogs, by saying that it was only *mad* Fitzgerald that was riding by. But this was not all. When he hunted by day, and joined the other sportsmen of the country, he took upon him to send home any person he did not like should hunt in his company; and, in a peremptory tone, he would say to this squireen, "Go home, sirrah; you are fitter to follow the plough than the hounds;" to another, "Quit the field, honest man; it becomes you better to mind your father's sheep than be here;" and to another, "What, you big unwieldy porpoise! begone to your pig-stye, for if you follow the hunt, you will certainly break your short neck." Many he thus discarded; and none dared say nay to a man whose desperate temper all were aware of; for they knew he would certainly, if they opposed his will, have a horsewhip laid on their shoulders. Such amongst men (and they in other cases brave and resolute) is the ascendancy of determined and well-sustained insolence! Even this was not all: he carried his arbitrary conduct still further. When he would honour a neighbouring gentleman with his company to dinner, he used to turn from the table those whom his caprice or his previous disputes made objectionable. On one occasion of this sort, when dinner was served, the son-in-law of his entertainer was objected to by him for his corpulency; and he insisted on his not sitting down at the same table with him, because such a huge man *must* be a gross feeder, and the sight of him eating would infallibly derange his nerves. Personal safety on this occasion induced a compliance, and the fat gentleman was sent to the side-table rather than bring on a duel, for a duel

with such a practised fire-eater was now considered as inevitable destruction."

But we have not space to follow this madman to his end, extraordinary as was his history. He was one of a class which we may well thank God is now no longer a possibility.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Catholic Offering, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax (Dunigan, New York), is a handsomely got-up volume, with good illustrations after Overbeck, Steinle, Vandyck, and others; consisting of a series of essays and fragments on theological and moral subjects, the greater part arranged in accordance with the festivals and seasons of the Catholic year. The author's style is somewhat florid, but earnest and warm-hearted.

Josephine, a Tale for Young Ladies, translated from the French by Maria Hackett (Bellew), is the best book we ever saw with so unattractive a title. Tales professedly for young ladies do not generally overflow with good sense, and are usually as little agreeable to the class of readers for whom they are designed as to those of an older or younger growth; not so with *Josephine*. The story is good, useful, and positively interesting; its personages are well conceived and cleverly sketched; and the book is not disfigured with that repulsive *preachy* tone which is too often adopted by authors who write for the young. The translation is well done, though here and there the language is a shade too *fine*.

Outlines of History for Schools, by P. C. Grace (Dunigan), is a valuable manual for *reference*. From the questions added at the foot of each page, we should gather that the author designs the outlines to be learnt by heart; as great a mistake (common as it is) as could well be perpetrated in the teaching of children. When will teachers learn that cramming the memory with words is a very different thing from the communication of real knowledge?

In the same "Catholic Educational Series" are issued two little reading and spelling books. The first of the two is rational and useful; the second is absurd, from the solemn didactics which the writer would inflict on children who have not yet mastered the difficulties of *spelling*.

The Dream, or the Feast of the Guardian Angels (Dolman), has an uncommonly smart cover, and a vast expanse of margin, surrounding a short and somewhat high-flown little tale.

The publisher of *The Lamp* has stitched in a single cover the

nine numbers of that well-intentioned miscellany which contain a condensed edition of Father Newman's Lectures on Catholicism in England. They are sold at so moderate a price as to be within the reach of a very large number of purchasers. Their only drawback is the dreadful caricature calling itself a portrait at the beginning.

The second year's issue of *The Family Almanac and Educational Register* (J. H. Parker) contains all the valuable information comprised in its predecessor, with improvements.

Benjamin, or the Pupil of the Christian Brothers, translated from the French by M. J. Sadleir (Bellew), is a revised reprint from an American translation. It deserves its re-issue in Ireland, where the Christian Brothers' schools have attained so high a reputation, amongst many obstacles.

One of the last-issued of the Clifton Tracts, *Popish Persecution, or a Sketch of the Penal Laws*, under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, may be strongly recommended for distribution in the present state of popular feeling in this country.

We need hardly recommend *Practical Piety, set forth by St. Francis of Sales*, collected from his *Letters and Discourses*, and now first translated (Burns and Lambert). It is a book of the highest excellence; and as a help for religious minds anxious for a guide through the perplexities and sorrows of life, few works can even be compared with it. It is a difficult thing to translate St. Francis well, so as to retain his exquisite bloom and fragrance of style, and yet clothe his thoughts in genuine English; but so far as we have looked at it, the present version seems very successful.

Gospel Stories for Catholic Children, First Series (Burns and Lambert), are extremely prettily and simply told. They are childlike, but not childish, and that is no slight merit.

We recommend to our readers two admirable articles in the *Dublin Review* for January; one called *The Actions of the New Testament*, the other *The Catholic University*.

The second part of Mr. Langdon's translation of Father Lacordaire's celebrated *Conferences* (Richardson) is issued. We trust the translator is finding himself supported in his undertaking as he deserves.

Mr. Raby has well translated Müller's striking monograph, *The Journeys of the Popes* (Richardson). The publication is opportune, just now particularly. He has also added a useful Appendix on Joseph the Second's "reforms" in Austria.

So far as an unprofessional judgment can decide, Mr. Spencer Thomson's *Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery* (Groombridge) is well executed, and will be practically useful. The first part only is published.